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FRANK LESLIE'S

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INVENTIVE BEN; Or, HOW A BOY BECAME A JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES AND MASTER, TOO.

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BEN DETERMINES TO LEARN A NEW TRADE.

IT was quite evident Inventive Ben was not born to be shot, for when the smoke cleared away, Smith was lying upon his back, with the boy standing over him, keeping him from rising by menacing him with his stick. Once again had the wooden effigy of the Father of our Country been an instrument of punishment; and as the boy flourished it aloft, he exclaimed:

"Lie there, or I'll make you think you've been struck by a steam-hammer!"

"What's all this trouble?" demanded a police officer, forcing his way to the spot.

Having explained the assault and handed over the pistol which had been picked up by Fanny, Thatcher gave the trainer in charge, and leaving him, walked to the hotel with his friends.

"Money all right?" he inquired of his uncle, as they reached their private parlor.

"Yes," nodded Wilkins; "I've counted it and you've cleared over five thousand dollars."

Handing four thousand of this amount to his aunt, Ben quietly remarked:

"That's for you to build a new house with. You have always been as good as a mother to me; now take that as you would from a son."

"Nephew," she tearfully answered, as, with trembling hands, she accepted the gift, I'm real obliged to you for your goodness, and prouder than an old hen of one chick to think you've been so smart; still, you'd make me far happier if, in addition to doing this, you would promise to give up pedestrianism. If your father and mother were alive, what would they think of you?"

Smiling at her by way of reply, and addressing his answer to Fanny Lee, he said:

"Never mind about what they'd think; they are dead and gone where there are no pedometors;" with which he handed the girl the other thousand dollars, observing: I'll lend this trifle to you, Fan, for ninety-nine years, and you needn't pay any interest. If it had not been for you I should have lost the race, for I doubt if I could have fixed another pair of boots in time. As to walking any more matches, I've had enough of it. This is the last time I'll dress like a monkey and go spinning round a track carrying a couple of corn-cobs. Take my advice, both of you: hand your money to the proprietor of the house and go to bed."

"Oh, thank you, Ben," gratefully replied the girl. "You are too good altogether. I shall now be able to help my friends."

Half an hour afterward all of them had retired for the night.

Though very weary, Thatcher was full of fun, and as he was undressing, thought it possible some one would try to rob him, so prepared a little invention.

Cutting a newspaper into strips about the size of a bank-bill, he rolled them up in a bundle and stowed them away under his pillow, securing one end of the package to a long piece of cord, which he fastened about his right wrist, and that accomplished, turned in and went to sleep.

About two o'clock in the morning he was awakened by a tug, and on opening his eyes beheld a colored man balanced on the sill of the ventilator over the door.

The fellow had seized the roll of papers, and, as he supposed, thrust it into the pocket of his pantaloons, but instead of doing this had crammed it down the leg, and in climbing the package had slipped as far as his knee.

The string being strong, prevented the rascal from getting away, while he, thinking that his pants had caught on a nail, was cautiously wriggling his body in order to free himself.

Slipping out of bed, Ben crept up to his victim, and tightening the line, secured it to the door-knob, then turned the key in the lock, stepped into the corridor, grasped the would-be thief by the wool, and shouted for the night-watchman.

"Le'me go, boss!" pleaded the terrified darkey, who was what sailors term moored bow and stern—that is, could neither move backward nor forward. "Le'me go, or I done you some damage!"

To which appeal Ben merely responded with a chuckle.

In a short space of time the guests were aroused by the noise, and the night-watchman and landlord arrived on the spot, when Thatcher explained that he had caught the darkey in the act of quitting the apartment, but did not inform them of his little invention.

"Just give me a grab of the naygur!" growled the watchman, as he twisted his fingers in the burglar's kinky fr'z, and using all his force, endeavored to pull him to the ground.

For a few seconds it was a sight to see the thief roll his eyes as the Irishman tugged and hauled.

"Oh, landy," cried his victim, "you'll pull me in half! Let up, let

"'OH, MY GOODNESS! MY HAIR HAS ALL DROPPED OFF!' STARTING TO HER FEET, SHE TUGGED AT THE TUBING, TORE THE BAG FROM ITS FASTENINGS, AND REVEALED A PATE AS BALD AS A COOT'S."

NOT THE RANGER, IN OUR NEXT NUMBER, A CAPITAL STORY.

up! I've got a hook in my pants!" All of a sudden crack went the cord, and the rascal tumbled into the corridor, almost breaking his neck in his fall.

"Search him!" said the landlord.

The watchman solemnly proceeded to do as he was bid, and presently, pulling on the string, drew forth the bait that Ben had set.

When the darkey discovered that his plunder consisted of a lot of pieces of newspapers he waxed very wroth, explaining that he did not believe in such foolishness. However, his expostulation was cut short by the watchman, who, after dealing him a crack on the shins, bundled him below and locked him up for the night.

"I don't quite see how you managed to catch the fellow, as he was outside and you in," remarked the landlord.

"Come in and I'll show you," answered the boy, then, to the delight of the assembled guests, who, by that time, numbered some dozen or more, he led the way into his chamber and explained how the whole thing worked.

This smartness so tickled the proprietor that the latter proposed to open a basket of champagne, an offer Ben politely declined, saying, as he bade them good-night:

"Much obliged to you, gentlemen, but I never drink as early as this."

As the party moved along the corridor, he heard the landlord inquire:

"What is the name of that young man?"

"Why, he's Inventive Ben, the boy who created such an excitement at the rink," was the response. "He's quite a celebrated character."

A smile spread over our young friend's face as he listened to this: then, locking the door, he crept back to bed, murmuring:

"Well, they may say what they like, but a great inventive genius, like myself, is pegs ahead of ordinary folks. If it wasn't for us, things would go on in one way for a thousand years;" adding, as he turned over: "And yet there's people in Scrub Oak who think I'm a fool-matic."

It was ten o'clock ere he descended to the breakfast-table, the first person he encountered being Aleary, who was evidently waiting to speak to him.

"See here, Thatcher," exclaimed the pedestrian, "Smith wants to know whether you mean to press the charge or not. You lamed his hand with that stick of yours, and he's been locked up all night. Now don't you think he's been punished enough?"

Seating himself at a table, Ben replied:

"If he had struck me with his fist or s'tick, and beaten me ever so badly, I would have forgiven him; but I have such a contempt for a cur who uses a knife or a pistol, that I'm going to get him all the law allows."

"Ain't the pistol a national weapon?" somewhat warmly demanded the other.

"No," coolly responded the boy. "I know that some maniacs like your boss are mighty handy with it. However, good-bye, we are not a nation of assassins," and, having thus expressed his opinion, he glanced at the waiter and drawled, "Coffee and buckwheat cakes."

For a second or two Aleary stood and bit his lips, after which he said:

"I'm sorry for you, boy. J. P. Smith is a dangerous man to rile. You will repent of this."

Sticking his fork into the pile of buckwheats the waiter just then placed before him, Ben quietly helped himself to syrup, and did not condescend to make any further reply, leaving the visitor to walk off, which he did in a manner that showed he was thoroughly disgusted.

As the lad concluded his repast, he was summoned to the police-court, where he found Smith and the negro.

After hearing the evidence against the trainer, the justice sentenced him to six months' imprisonment, and sent up the colored man for a similar term.

"You seem to be a remarkable youth," observed the magistrate, after the prisoners were removed. "Do you intend to follow the occupation of pedestrianism?"

The boy smiled, and, glancing at Fanny and his relatives, said:

"No, your honor. I'm looking out for an opening in a business where my inventive gifts will lead to useful results."

"Would you like to get employment in a sewing-machine factory?" kindly asked the official. "I can give you a letter of recommendation."

"Thank you. I'd admire to try it," responded the boy.

That evening, after seeing his friends on board the train, Thatcher paid his hotel bill, and, shouldering his carpet-bag, went on board the cars bound for Factorytown, thinking:

"I've hit on it this time; everybody uses a sewing-machine. Now, what they want is a cheap motor to drive it."

CHAPTER XXXV.

THATCHER'S SEWING-MACHINE MOTOR AND HAIR-BLEACHER.

As Ben alighted on the platform of the Factorytown depot, he was accosted by a vociferous crowd of hackmen, all of whom were anxious to take him to his hotel, so, regarding them with a solemn look, he waited until they had somewhat quieted, then inquired:

"Which of you will carry me cheapest?"

"I will!" they chorused. "What will you give, boss?"

"Ten cents," he answered.

After which, amid their yells, oaths and threats, he calmly picked up his bag, twirled his stick, and walked off, whistling "Yankee Doodle."

Although he had a little money, he was not the boy to waste it, so, proceeding to a boarding-house near the sewing-machine factory, he engaged a room, and feeling tired, retired for the night.

The next morning he presented himself at the superintendent's office, and having sent in the letter of introduction given him by the magistrate, was told to walk into a private room, where he beheld a bald-headed gentleman, who, glancing at him keenly, as though measuring his capacity, inquired:

"Were you ever employed in a factory?"

"Well, yes," said Ben, seating himself in one of the luxurious chairs with which the apartment was provided. "I was in the Scrub Oak Rubber Works," adding, as he leaned back upon the soft cushion: "This is a mighty nice apparatus to sit on. It reminds me of having my hair cut."

The bald-headed gentleman, who was an Englishman, and who had only lately purchased the factory, glanced severely at his visitor.

He was unused to American ways, and, believing Ben was saucy, observed, in a sharp tone:

"I did not ask you to take a seat."

"Oh, I'll excuse you, mister," was the lad's innocent rejoinder. "How much did those chairs cost? If you were to fit them with rockers they'd be tip-top."

Upon hearing this speech the gentleman became very red in the face, and summoning a porter, bade the man kick Thatcher off the premises.

It is easy enough to give such a command, but another thing to enforce it, as the owner of the factory quickly discovered.

The porter was a big, fat man, who, in point of size, ought to have been able to carry out his employer's instructions. However, he lacked one thing—viz., the pluck to do it.

Regarding the young inventor with a ferocious scowl, he thus addressed him:

"Get out of that chair!"

"Are you speaking to me?" politely inquired Thatcher, resting his chin upon the head of his knob-stick. "Is that old fellow crazy?"

"Kick him out! kick him out!" snarled the proprietor.

Folding his arms but still retaining his trusty stick, Ben sat bolt upright and exclaimed:

"Is this the way you treat a gentleman?"

"Do you call yourself one?" spluttered the indignant Britisher. "In my country, when a boy seeks employment, he takes off his hat when he enters his master's presence, and is polite, while you, bang you! sit down as though you were as good as I am."

"Well, now," chuckled Ben, who was entirely unmoved by this outburst, "I thought you were a foreigner as soon as I saw you. Of course I'm a gentleman. Take a good look at me and you'll see I'm one. Every American boy expects to be thus regarded, and when we seek for employment, we don't accost the boss as if we were ashamed of doing so, but just sit down and chat it over with him, believing that politeness doesn't require us to humble ourselves like slaves."

For a moment the proprietor regarded him with a mingled look of incredulity and amazement, after which he signaled to the man to retire, and addressed Ben:

"Well, Mr. Free-and-Easy, what is it you want?"

Taking a highly-decorated visiting-card from his pocket, the lad rose, and depositing it upon the desk, calmly replied:

"My name is Mr. Benjamin Thatcher. I've often heard the ladies say they would like a cheap motor for their sewing-machines, and having thought out the plan of one, would like to get employment in your works, Mr.——"

"Bolton," answered the other, who began to think that his visitor had the best of him. "I'm not quite used to your free-and-easy ways."

Patting the old gentleman on the back, the unabashed lad said:

"Oh, I'll excuse you. New-comers are always green; you'll soon get over that. If you wish to engage my services, let me learn how you make your machines, and in a few weeks I'll fix you a motor that will beat anything in the market. Don't hesitate, for I'm a boy that can't invent."

After chatting over Thatcher's plan, which the lad described in detail, Mr. Bolton agreed to give him a trial, and, sending for the foreman of the works, bade him take Ben on.

"Do you think that I meant to hurt your feelings, Mr. Bolton," said the boy, as he reached the door.

"Certainly not—certainly not," was the rejoinder. "You Yankees are funny fellows."

"Funny fellows!" thought Thatcher, following his conductor. "It's you Britishers are that."

And soon he was in the works, watching the various machines and the busy crowd employed thereon.

"Let me see," said the foreman. "What can you do?"

"Most anything," confidently answered Ben.

"I'm awful handy."

"Come into the foundry, then," observed his conductor.

And presently they were in a big shed, in the centre of which were two furnaces.

Within half an hour the boy had mastered the little details of the casting, and was pronounced by the boss of the department a real smart fellow, and from that moment became a general favorite.

Although peculiar in his notions, and thoroughly English in his ways, Mr. Bolton was a practical mechanic, and, having, spite of the disadvantage of Ben's introduction, taken a liking to him, he advanced him just as fast as his capacity warranted, and, at the expiration of six weeks, the young inventor showed his smartness by entirely finishing a machine with his own hands, whereupon he was told to go ahead with his motor.

Shutting himself up in a small workshop, Ben labored for over a month, the superintendent supplying him with all the material he required.

On the 1st of November he presented himself before Mr. Bolton, but on that occasion did not seat himself until requested, nor did he, what is termed, rub his employer the wrong way.

"Well, Thatcher," exclaimed the gentleman, "what is it?"

"I've completed my task," smilingly answered the boy. "If you'd like to come and see it, I'll explain its working."

"Certainly," was the polite response, and, sending for the foreman, he accompanied Ben to the place where, upon a strip of carpet, stood the sewing-machine the lad had made, attached to it being a small, black walnut box, in which was concealed Ben's invention.

Touching a registor near the driving-wheel, Thatcher started, slowed, quickened and stopped the motor at will, and having demonstrated its power, explained that the material employed was not worth more than one dollar and seventy-five cents, and that it could be fixed to each machine at a price, including royalty and profit, not exceeding ten dollars.

"That is excellent," said his employer. "But the next thing is how much royalty do you expect?"

"Two dollars a piece," answered Ben. "I will take out the papers, and you shall have the sole right to manufacture the motor."

After chatting a while it was agreed that, if Ben could obtain the necessary patent, he should not only be paid a royalty, but be appointed foreman of the motor department; upon which he immediately set to work to draw plans and specifications, that were duly forwarded to Washington.

One day when he was exhibiting his invention to Mrs. Bolton and some friends, she inquired of Thatcher if he could design an apparatus by which she could bleach her hair, the latter being of a mingled brown and white, at the same time informing him the machine must be constructed in a manner that would prevent her from inhaling the fumes of the chemicals employed.

Ben thought a moment, after which he smiled and said he doubted if he could accommodate her.

"I'm sure you can do it if you will only exercise your undoubted talent," urged the lady. "My husband says that you are the smartest boy he ever knew. Chlorine will effect the necessary change of color in my hair, but the danger is it is poisonous to breathe."

Tickled by her praise, the lad set to work, and in a short time invented an appliance, consisting of a rubber bag, to which were attached two long tubes, making it to somewhat resemble the top portion of a diving apparatus.

Connecting one of these pipes with a machine for pumping coloring gas, he announced that his invention was ready, whereupon the lady, accompanied by her mother, came to his workshop.

Placing Mrs. Bolton in a chair, and securing the mouth of the bag about her head so tightly that no gas could escape, he passed one tube through a hole in the side of the building, and proceeded to use the pump; as he did so, the lady remarked:

"I can feel the gas circulating about the roots of my hair."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AN INVENTOR'S REWARDS ARE NOT ALWAYS PLEASANT ONES.

Mrs. BOLTON closed her eyes, seeming to enjoy the sensation, and Ben pumped on until he had counted sixty strokes, after doing which he shut off the chemicals, let fresh air into the machine, and sent a current through the tubes.

"Oh, is not this a heavenly sensation!" exclaimed the lady. "I hope it has succeeded. Do you think it is time to release me? I'm so anxious to know how I look."

Unfastening a band that confined the mouth of the bag about her head, Thatcher removed it, his action permitting her luxuriant tresses, now bleached to a silvery whiteness, to fall about her shoulders.

"Oh, my! don't you look lovely!" ejaculated her mother. "Now, Mr. Thatcher, I insist upon your bleaching my locks in the same way."

As she spoke Mr. Bolton entered with a letter addressed to Ben, but on hearing the old lady's request, and seeing the beauty of his wife's hair, paused ere he handed the communication to the young inventor, and seating himself, watched the process.

Mrs. Bolton's mamma was a tall, hard-featured personage, whose capillary attractions strongly resembled those of her daughter, save that two-thirds of her locks were false. However, she did not deem it necessary to make the explanation, knowing that the chemicals would act as well in one case as in the other.

Taking her place in the seat vacated by the lady on whom Ben had successfully operated, she permitted him to adjust the apparatus and replenish the receiver with chlorine; then, in response to his inquiry, graciously answered:

"Yes, I am quite ready."

As Ben began to pump, Mr. Bolton's face assumed a comical aspect, which so puzzled the boy that he forgot the number of strokes he had given in operating upon his first client, and jerked away until the old lady shrieked:

"Oh, my goodness! my hair has all dropped off!"

Starting to her feet, she tugged at the tubing, tore the bag from its fastenings, and revealed a pate as bald as a coot's; at the same time a quantity of gas escaped into the apartment and nearly smothered those present.

With commendable presence of mind Thatcher threw the bag out of the window and rescued the old lady, depositing her outside, while his employer, seizing his wife, conveyed her to a place of safety, then returned to his mother-in-law, who was slowly recovering from the effects of the noxious vapor.

"What makes you laugh, sir?" whispered Ben, noticing the extreme satisfaction with which the gentleman surveyed the lady's phrenological development. "I guess I pumped too much chlorine into her wig."

"Not a bit, not a bit," gleefully answered the other, speaking in a low tone and rubbing his hands. "You tell her that this will get in the comic newspapers, and I'll give you a handsome present."

Though not understanding the joke, the lad nodded acquiescence, and as her son-in-law finished, handed the old woman with his hat, remarking:

"There, you are all right now; let me help you up;" at the same time bending to assist her.

In a few moments she perfectly regained consciousness, when he repeated his offers.

Grasping his hair with her right hand, she rose to her feet, and giving him a shake that almost scalped him, demanded:

"What have you done with my hair?"

"See here, marm," he moaned, "why didn't you tell me how old you were? My invention is too powerful for people over a certain age," adding: "This will be put in all the comic papers."

Poor Ben, no sooner had the words passed his lips than, seizing his locks with her other hand, she gave him such a shaking that, ere he was released, he was almost as bald as his assailant, who, as she retired, spitefully snapped:

"If I am over a certain age, I'm not going to be scared away from this house and my beloved child. I overheard what Mr. Bolton said to you."

Too badly demoralized to reply, and feeling that he had been doubly mistaken in the lady, he beat a retreat into his workshop, where, seating himself and rubbing his sore head, he mused as follows:

"Invention ain't all profit." Here he regarded a tuft he had combed out with his fingers. "It's rough to be clawed in this style by an elderly British female, all through her blamed vanity in wanting to look as handsome as her daughter. I'd like to know what Mr. Bolton meant by this getting into the comic papers. I swan, it ain't a bit funny to me."

As he ended his soliloquy he heard a noise, and glancing up, beheld his employer dart from the house, followed by the irate old lady, who, after chasing him round and round the garden, gave up her demonstration and beat a retreat.

Approaching the workshop with cautious steps, the gentleman dived in and closed the door, then bolting it, panted:

"Why did you tell her what I said?"

"I didn't," answered Ben, in an injured tone. "She was only shamming and heard you. See how she has treated me—it's a good job you are baldheaded."

Smiling spite of his exhaustion, his employer explained that he desired to get rid of the lady, and had thought, by the lad telling her what he had suggested, to drive her back to England; whereupon, handing Ben the letter, he said:

"Never mind, Thatcher; I'll make this all up to you by doubling your royalty on the sewing-machine motor."

Opening the envelope, the boy straightened out the inclosure and read as follows:

"Patent Office, Washington, D. C.
"——— 17th, 187—.

"Mr. Benjamin Thatcher:

"Sir—I'm instructed to inform you that your application for a patent for a sewing-machine motor cannot be entertained, as it infringes no less than seventy-four patents already granted. Your specifications and plans will be returned to you on your forwarding three dollars to postage stamps.

"John Brown, Pro. Commissioners."

"Well," demanded Mr. Bolton, "what news?"

Smiling as though he had received a favorable reply, the lad handed him the document, remarking:

"I guess I won't have anything more to do with you, sir. I haven't made a cent by coming here."

"What?" ejaculated the other. "Your motor infringes as many patents as that? Well, I'm very sorry. Never mind, my son. I will give you employment, and twenty dollars a week is no bad pay."

"For a while Ben did not make any answer; then, rising, he drew in the hair-bleacher, and, opening the mouth of the bag, shook out the contents, pointing to which, he said:

"Mr. Bolton, I'm sorry that the motor ain't worth anything, and that this machine has bleached the hair off the head of your wife's mother-in-law, but I can't afford to remain here and be guyed by folks; therefore must decline your offer;" adding: "If you want to make me a present, give me the sewing-machine I put together and its attachment and we'll call it quits."

"With pleasure," was the response. "I will also give you a hundred dollars for that invention yonder," pointing to the bleacher, "and at any time shall be delighted to serve you."

Desirous of avoiding the chaff of the workmen, Thatcher did not inform any of them about the decision with regard to his machine, and, when he had received the money, packed the motor, etc., in a crate, addressed them to Fanny, sent the package per freight and wrote her thus:

"Miss Fanny Lee:

"Dear Friend—I have sent, carriage paid, a sewing-machine, attached to which you will find an apparatus that fringes seventy-four patents. It seems to me everything I design of any use don't benefit me, and I'm getting disgusted, for my last apparatus made a woman bald-headed.

"Remember me kindly to uncle and aunt, and you need not reply to

Yours sincerely,
"Ben Thatcher."

On the receipt of this letter Fanny showed it to Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins, remarking:

"I do believe Ben is growing crazy."

"My dear," mournfully observed the boy's aunt, "I've always feared that the poor fellow would end his days in a lunatic asylum."

It was probably fortunate for Ben that he did not hear these observations, though he would have been delighted with the remarks his friends made regarding the motor, and to witness the pride of Fanny Lee.

The next morning he packed his clothing and took the cars for an agricultural centre, distant a hundred miles from Factorytown, thinking, as he seated himself:

"I'll try something that ain't been covered by so many patents as that motor."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE CHAMPION CANDY-PULLER.

To a lad of inventive Ben's temperament it was annoying to have discovered that while his great ideas were rendered useless on account of others having before thought out and patented the same, his smaller ones, like the rat-trap, were worth several hundred dollars.

As the train rattled onward he watched the landscape, and thought:

"I've heard tell of a college at Grainger, intended for young inventors like myself. Guess I won't try another term for a year, but will study scientific mechanism, as I believe there's something in it. No doubt I could get along very well without that gilt-edged sort of learning; still, it won't do me any harm, and I reckon I shall have some fun with with the boys."

It was past noon ere he reached his destination, which proved to be a thriving place, boasting of a big City Hall, elegant public school buildings, and an imposing-looking college, over the main door of which was inscribed: "School of Agriculture and Practical Mechanics."

Entering a grocery store, the proprietor of which was busily engaged in grinding coffee, Ben asked what were the terms of admission to the college.

Pausing in his occupation, the man replied:

"If you ask for the secretary he will give you all the particulars," adding, parenthetically, "I wish one of them geniuses would invent some machine by which coffee could be ground without tiring a man's arms."

Thanking the grocer for his information, Thatcher walked over to the building, thinking as he went:

"There, now; see how useful a small kerosene engine would be. Well, I guess I'll try this institution, and learn something more before I carry out my plan."

"Whom do you wish to see?" asked the janitor, as, bag in hand, Ben stalked into the entrance hall.

Taking a card from his pocket, the boy handed it to the man, saying:

"Will you kindly give that to the secretary and inform him that Mr. B. Thatcher would like to have an interview with him?"

Away went the messenger, and presently returning, he bade the visitor follow him, then ushered our young friend into an office where, seated at a writing table, he beheld a venerable-looking gentleman, who, after bidding him take a chair, inquired his business.

"I'd like to know what you charge for a course of studies," promptly answered the lad.

"Agricultural or mechanical?" demanded the other.

"The latter," said Ben.

"Who is your minister?" queried the secretary.

For a moment Thatcher appeared puzzled.

"Your pastor?" continued the gentleman, who imagined that his first question had not been clearly understood; spite of which Ben smiled in a vacant way, so his interrogator somewhat sharply exclaimed, "Surely you're not a heathen; you must know some pastor."

"Oh, I understand you now," drawled the boy. "Pastor! Oh, yes. I know one, of course."

"Well, what is his name?" snapped his questioner.

"Tony," calmly replied the young inventor. "He

come to Scrub Oak with his show, and gave me a free ticket for distributing his bills. I suppose you've heard of Tony Pastor, haven't you, mister?"

Regarding Thatcher with a severe expression, the venerable man sternly inquired:

"Are you an idiot?"

"Well, no; I ain't usually considered such," was the unmoved rejoinder. "What makes you think so?"

Joining his fingers and palms in a peculiar way, the secretary frowned, and after glancing at his visitor, solemnly observed:

"Young man, I asked you the name of your minister, but as you did not appear to understand me, I substituted the term pastor. Do you, for a moment, think I referred to a variety showman?"

"Oh!" ejaculated Ben, "now I know what you mean, sir. No, I haven't any minister—leastways, it wouldn't be any good for me to refer you to the one in Scrub Oak. What I asked you was, how much would it cost for me to study in this college?"

Assuming a still more severe expression of visage, the old gentleman tartly responded:

"No one is admitted to the Grainger School of Agriculture and Practical Mechanics unless he can produce recommendations, signed by two or more ministers, when, on payment of two hundred and fifty dollars, he is allowed to enter the agricultural department. If he desires simply to study the mechanical sciences the fee is exactly one half."

"Why didn't you tell me so at first?" coolly inquired the boy. "I can easy enough find the money, but getting the ministers to say a good word for me will be a tough job."

"That is none of my business," said the secretary, not at all pleased with his visitor's plain speaking. "To-morrow is our day for examining and entering students for the next term. If you cannot obtain the credentials I have named, it will be useless for you to make any application."

Rising and nodding at the old gentleman, Ben took his departure, and, on arriving at the janitor's room, asked the man if he could tell him the addresses of two ministers.

"Certainly," was the response. "If you want certificates call on the Reverend Mr. Black, in Cobb Street, and on Reverend Mr. Simmons, in Sheaf Square."

"Thankee," cried the boy, and ten minutes afterward he was admitted to the presence of the first-mentioned clergyman, who, upon hearing his story and questioning him closely, gave him the required recommendation, which, after all, was a mere matter of form.

Wending his way toward Sheaf Square, he knocked at the door of the Reverend Mr. Simmons's house; when a rather pretty girl, whose hands were employed in pulling molasses candy, came round from the rear entrance, and smilingly inquired if he wished to see her pa, remarking, as she worked at the sticky substance:

"If it's anything about your religious convictions I will do just as well, as pa's gone to a conference."

Thatcher smiled upon hearing this, and, after explaining his mission, and exhibiting his recommendation from the Reverend Mr. Black, said he was afraid missy would not be able to do what he wanted, but that if she could inform him when her father would return, he would call again.

"Come right in, young man," she said. "We've got stuck over our pulling and want somebody to help us out."

Nothing loth, Ben followed her into the kitchen, where he was soon introduced to a group of messy girls.

"See here," he remarked: "you could save yourselves all that trouble if you only follow my instructions."

"We shall be delighted to," said his hostess, while the rest of the crowd looked admiringly on.

Our young inventor knew how to pull candy, and could work a mass of ten pounds weight as easily as some would a handful; making it whirl in a circle, double up in the air, and assume a variety of shapes.

"La! ain't he smart!" chorused the damsels, as he deposited the stuff in a long roll upon the kitchen-table.

"My goodness! did you ever see anything done like that?"

"Now, ladies," he exclaimed, buttering his fingers for a final effort, "what style will you have it in—Boston silver-strip or New York crimp?"

"Silver-strip," they giggled.

"Got a wringing-machine, Miss Simmons?" he sweetly asked, glancing round the apartment.

"It's down in the cellar, sir," she uttered; "but I can get it for you."

While she was away on this errand the boy made himself exceedingly agreeable, explaining how easy it was to work the candy as he had done it; and when the young lady returned he secured the wringing-machine on the back of a chair, and after dexterously covering the rollers with thick paper, buttered them in order to prevent their sticking, bade the laughing girls hold a tray before it, inserted one end of the long mass in his improvised apparatus, and, turning the handle, sent the thin ribbons curling as fast as he could drive.

"Oh, oh, oh!" they cried. "Ain't you real smart!"

Being a true artist, Thatcher did not pause until the tail-end of the mass had passed the rollers, when, regarding the heaped-up tray of candy, he slyly remarked:

"I'reats to me you don't any of you like it."

This was a signal for the distribution, and soon all present were eating as hard as their jaws could wag.

"How ever can we pay you for showing us what you have done?" gratingly inquired Miss Simmons.

"Oh, that's easily got over!" innocently answered the boy. "I'm willing to take my reward in the shape of a kiss, and, what's more, ain't particular which of you gives it to me."

Being full of fun, the merry party informed him if he wanted such payment he must take it; when ensued a scramble, in which Ben succeeded in catching his fair hostess, while, at the same instant, the door was slowly opened, and in stalked her reverend parent.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

STINGING BUZZERS.

LUCKILY for the young ladies, Inventive Ben was endowed with excellent presence of mind, which, in this instance, stood him in good stead.

Releasing his fair prisoner, and at the same time uttering a loud, buzzing sound, he proceeded to chase an imaginary hornet, while the reverend gentleman alternately glanced at him and the affrighted girls.

"Buzz, buzz, wuzz!" went the young scamp, as he darted hither and thither, until, finally reaching the window, he clapped his hand on a dead blue-bottle, and giving vent to a prolonged "Buzz," pinched it up in his closed fist, and coolly approaching the astonished minister, said:

"*Here's a whopper!*"

For some moments the gentleman merely gazed at him, during which time Ben winked encouragingly at the alarmed girls, after which the pastor ejaculated:

"Who are you, sir?"

Notwithstanding the sticky state of his fingers, Thatcher dived into his pockets for one of his snowflake visiting cards, but, failing to discover it, nodded pleasantly, and replied:

"Reverend Mr. Simmons, sir; my name is Mr. Benjamin Thatcher, of Scrub Oak, and I've come to you for a recommendation."

"For what?" sternly demanded the other, as the girls staggered comically.

"For admission as a student into the college," was the lad's glib response. "The Reverend Mr. Black gave me one right away; he said I was an orphan, and ought to be encouraged."

As he uttered these words he once more winked at the girls, who, unable to control their mirth, almost went into hysterics.

"What were you doing when I entered this room, sir?" sternly inquired the minister.

"Catching stinging-buzzers," drawled the young monkey. "Ask them young ladies if I wasn't. There's one of the bugs," with which he extended his hand, opened his fingers, and exhibited the dead insect, contents of the blue-bottle, his action causing the girls to scream afresh, rush into an adjoining room, and close the door.

Watching their exit with a blank look, as though utterly unable to comprehend their extraordinary behavior, the good man once more turned to the unconcerned youth, and said:

"Upon my word, I can't make you out."

"You ain't any different from most folks," was the response. "Them buzzing-bugs always worries folks at a candy-pull, though it's rather late in the season for them."

"Young man!" solemnly observed the pastor, "did you ever hear of Ananias and Sapphira?"

"I guess I have," he nodded. "I've been to Sunday-school."

"Are you not afraid that your falsehood concerning the stinging-buzzers will render you liable to a similar fate as the one that befell them?"

"Oh, excuse me!" naively retorted Ben. "Mine was an invention, not a lie. Now, don't you be down on those girls, Reverend Mr. Simmons. I taught them how to make Boston silver-strip candy, and you came in and interrupted the meeting."

His manner was so comical that, spite of what he had said, the minister could not refrain from smiling, and after thinking matters over a while, questioned the boy as to his antecedents.

On finding that he was honest he gave him the required recommendation, and bade him good-afternoon.

Hooking his knob-stick into the handle of his carpet-bag, Ben swung the latter over his shoulder, and thanking his friend for his kindness, drawled:

"I'm sorry I can't stay; will you be good enough to make my excuses to them young ladies, and tell them if they want me to attend pulls this Winter they can drop a line to me care of the secretary of the college?"

The reverend gentleman coughed, but did not make any reply, whereupon Ben quitted the kitchen, thinking:

"Well, as far as niceness goes, give me his daughter. If she were sticked up she'd look elegant."

As he passed the side-window he was conscious of the suppressed excitement on the part of the girls, and that they were peeping at him through the slats of the shutters, so he assumed a grave expression of face and walked off, as though he did not know they were admiring him.

During the entire interview he had never once removed his cap, his hair being so patchy that it resembled a moth-eaten buffalo-robe.

Engaging a lodging near the college, he employed the rest of the day in writing to his uncle, and on the following morning presented himself and credentials before the president of the institution, who sent him into the examination room, where he was duly questioned and exercised in reading, writing and arithmetic, after which he was shown into a hall where he encountered about a hundred other young fellows, who, like himself, had just gone through the mill.

Desirous of being friendly, he sauntered up to the biggest of the group and pleasantly remarked:

"Well, Mister, this is a pretty nice place, ain't it?"

The person addressed glanced coldly at him, then, turning to some of his friends, said:

"Do any of you know this scrub-headed fellow?"

"Oh, you needn't want to pass yourself off for one of the upper ten," the good-humored retorted Ben. "I bet, before the term is over I'll scrub you, Miss Sarah."

His manner was so jolly that the fellows jokingly inquired with whom he had been fighting; whereupon, to their intense amusement, he described his adventure with Mr. Bolton's mother-in-law.

When he had ended his story they gathered round him and shook him by the hand, on the conclusion of which ceremony they were summoned into the presence of the college authorities, and when they were seated, the secretary announced the names of the successful competitors.

To Thatcher's delight he found himself at the head of the second list—viz., practical mechanics, and was proud to hear the president say that he had passed a better examination than any person who had hereto applied for admission to that department.

After this ceremony was over the newly elected students were sent to their class-rooms, and Ben set to work to learn the science of mechanics.

It was like a new world to him, and he soon understood the importance of such instruction.

Up to the present time he had invented without rule or guide, but now he learned the laws of motion, force, gravitation and other things necessary to know in this scientific age.

From the time the college-bell rang in the morning until it again struck the hour of dismissal, he worked like a beaver; still it must not be imagined that he had lost any of his fun.

One of the professors was a tall Scotchman, harsh of voice, dogmatic in manner and exceedingly fond of snuff, which he took from a shallow box placed near him upon the lecture-table.

For some reason or another he had taken a dislike to Ben, so one day the boy determined to serve him a trick.

The subject of the lecture was eccentric motion, and, after having described the various applications of this invention, the professor, addressing Thatcher, demanded:

"Noo, Mr. Inventor, gie us an example o' what I have just described."

As he was seated on the lecturer's right hand, the lad had been able to arrange his plan while the other was speaking, and, upon being addressed, he rose, picked up the snuff-box, and, exhibiting it to the class, remarked, in his usual drawl:

"Professor MacNab has requested me to give an example of eccentric motion," saying which, he ceremoniously deposited the box in the centre of the table, and, raising the lid, added: "I guess this will do it."

Of course his action and remark excited the greatest curiosity, while the professor was so astonished at his audacity that, craning his neck over the model upon which he had been lecturing, he gaped at the box, murmuring:

"Eh, what d'ye mean?"

After a moment or two had elapsed, the snuff began to be agitated, and though it covered some five beetles or other insects, which Ben had rapped the table smartly with his knuckles, when out sprang a dozen mechanical bugs, which went hoppety-hop in various directions, causing the most intense excitement in every one but the lecturer.

They were not those of common toys that have a somersault, then remain inconsistently on their backs, but beautifully carved, painted and balanced models of the live reptile, and when fully wound up could hop for half a dozen yards.

Not imagining they were the productions of Inventive Ben, the indignant professor ordered them to be captured, observing, in a severe tone:

"Is that the way you reply to my question, Mr. Thatcher?"

"Boys," whispered Ben to the merry fellows who had captured his models, "don't damage those things;" then turning to MacNab, said: "Excuse me, professor; them's my examples of eccentric motion."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THATCHER'S PATENT JUMPING FROGS.

LIKE all true scholars, Professor MacNab had a profound admiration for inventive genius, and when he had ascertained that the jumping frogs were of Thatcher's invention, he expressed his regret at having addressed him in the manner he had done, remarking, as the boy handed him one of the ingenious toys:

"There's a fortune in this little contrivance."

"Oh," laughingly answered the lad, glancing contentedly round at his fellow-students, "I'm used to being sold that, but would not mind betting a dollar if I apply for a patent on my little hoppers, a shell find its eccentric motion infringes on a stack of other folks, and it won't be any use to me."

"Will you kindly explain its workings?" politely asked the lecturer. "It's a great deal more intricate than the one attached to the model before me."

Uttering a low chuckle, and producing a mass of material from one of his pockets, Thatcher good-naturedly replied:

"Professor, I'll not only explain my apparatus, but will make one in your presence."

This speech so delighted the class that they loudly applauded him, upon which the tutor called them to order, and when silence was restored, Ben spoke as follows.

"Our esteemed professor has informed us that an eccentric consists of a wheel or disk, having its axis of revolution out of its centre of figure, and that it is used for obtaining a reciprocating or alternate motion from a circular one. He has also informed us that there are four eccentrics and back eccentrics. Of course that is the scientific way of describing the machine before him, but my invention is somewhat different. In the first place, I take a piece of button-wood and whittle out the shape of a frog"—here he suited his action to the words—"then I take some paint and some varnish, which, I am glad to say, I have not in my pocket, and color the wood to imitate a young bullfrog, after which"—taking a small spring from the material—"I fix this in the head, connect it with these wheels, one of which produces the desired motion, arrange these pieces of brass wire, quill and old hairpins, slip this rubber band in between the catch-springs, weight the bottom by pinning in shots, wind up the works, and place the whole contrivance on view. Within five minutes, that being the time it takes my starting wheel to revolve, the entire machinery begins to work, when my eccentric humps the critter's back and up it goes, while as it descends, the rubber band contracts, and as soon as the model touches the table, once more starts the eccentric, thus repeating the jumping process until the spring is unwound."

As he concluded his comical description he repocketed the odds and ends from which he had created his model, and the latter started on a life-like hop across the table.

This little incident did more to raise him in MacNab's estimation than if he had headed the list at the end of the term, and from that time the professor and he became firm friends, while, as may be imagined, his fellow-students looked upon him as a wonder.

Week after week passed, and when the hard frosts came, Ben was often to be seen disporting on the ice, and such was his proficiency in the art of skating that a club was formed under the title of "The Thatcher Eurekas."

One bitter afternoon Ben, finding the pond they usually occupied was crowded, proposed to tramp to a small lake, distant about three miles from Grainger, but, upon arriving on the spot, they were ordered off by the proprietor, who was busily engaged in harvesting a crop of ice.

"See here, mister," remarked Thatcher; "there's room enough for you and us, too."

"I tell you I don't want any crazy people about my place cutting up the ice so as it splits into bits instead of blocks," growled the farmer. "I've had trouble enough to-day; lost two horses, my detective ice, and don't feel like talking to anybody, particularly such a pack of fools as you are."

When a man is in trouble and gets mad, he receives very little sympathy from young fellows like Ben, who, after gaying the farmer by politely asking the particulars of his loss, said:

"If I were in your business I wouldn't use horses."

"What do you know about it?" snarled the indignant individual. "I suppose you would use mules or asses?"

"My friend, I'm not joking. If you are," coolly responded the collegian, as he counted the number of animals employed on the ice, "You take a fool's advice, Mr. Iceman: get rid of your horses, double the number of your men, and use the steam-power you are wasting."

"I don't understand you," surlily returned the man.

Ben pointed to the steam-engine, the power of which was used to hoist the blocks into the receiving-holes in the top of the building, and drawing forth a memorandum-book, sketched a plan which he exhibited to the astonished farmer, saying, as he did so:

"Look here, my friend, you are one of those people who would rather follow an old custom and lose money than make a fortune by availing themselves of modern mechanical science. Now, what do your horses do?"

"Do?" grumbled the other, glancing suspiciously at the sketch; "why, they plow the snow off the ice, mark it into blocks, and when it is split into floats tow it to the canal at the foot of the ice-house."

"And there let it stop," chuckled Thatcher, again pointing to his plan. "Look at that, mister. I can make your own engine plow the snow off the surface of the ice, cut the latter into blocks, tow it, and hoist it into the houses; do away with your horses, employ more people, and gather your crop in two-thirds of the time taken by your present method. Now, if you ain't what you have termed yourself and friends, you will try this invention."

The ice-man listened attentively, and after critically examining the plan and asking a hundred questions, said:

"I've got another house at the head of the lake; you and your friends skate up there, and when you have inspected the place, mark out where the ice-anchors are to go, and I'll give your plan a trial. If it succeeds I'll pay you a handsome sum. The trouble is, our ice-business is, we could often gather twice as much of the crop if we could work more quickly. The men are good enough, but the horses can't drag the floats sufficiently fast to feed the elevators;" adding, "off you go, boys!"

"One moment, if you please," said Ben, checking his companions. "Before we undertake this contract we'd like you to apologize for what you called us. No doubt you felt put out about the loss of your animals, but that should not have rendered you oblivious of the courtesy due to strangers."

The man laughed heartily at this, and after tendering the required apology, demanded:

"Are you the state engineers, or how?"

"Oh, dear, no!" airily replied Thatcher; "we are pegs above the state engineers, who are regular muddle-heads. We are students from the Grainger School of Agriculture and Practical Mechanics."

"Bless my soul!" gravely responded the ice-farmer, who was a very cute fellow. "So I have been entertaining angels unawares! Dear me, I'm sorry that I have no brass-band handy; if my men were not so busy I'd turn them out in procession and thus show my appreciation at being visited by such distinguished guests."

This reply took all the bitterness nonsense out of Ben, and when they had shaken hands with their new friend they started on the ice, and had a magnificent race as far as the upper-storehouse, where Ben explained his plan, and, assisted by his companions, staked out the places for the anchors.

"I wonder that no one has ever thought of this before, chum?" remarked one of the party. "You are awful smart."

"Well, yes," drawled Ben, "I am considered so, but I would not mind betting a dollar that there have already been a thousand or two patents taken out on this thing."

While they were conversing they saw the farmer come flying along on an ice-yacht, and in a few moments he landed among them, and after inspecting the young man's plan, said:

"It is perfectly simple, easy to work, and my men are delighted because I have offered them ten cents an hour more when I use your invention. If you come up here the day after to-morrow I will have some friends here to meet you, and we'll give your plan a thorough trial."

Thatcher thanked him, and having received permission, headed the way across the lake for Grainger.

The next day he told what he had done to Professor MacNab, and the latter was so delighted that he agreed to accompany him to witness the experiment.

At the appointed time all the collegians and most of the professors started for the ice-pond, but on nearing it observed a board, on which was painted:

"You inventors go back, or there will be blude shed."

"Dear me!" exclaimed MacNab; "what shall we do?"

"Do?" calmly responded Ben. "Why, we'll go ahead."

CHAPTER XL.

BEN'S INVENTION FOR STORING ICE.

THE notice to go back had the same effect upon the collegians as the color of scarlet does upon a mad bull, and, ere the professors could hold a council and give them any advice, the young fellows screwed on their skates and started.

Since Ben's advent at the institution, the "boys" had taken to carrying knob-sticks; the mechanics sporting those with heads carved to represent Washington, while the agriculturists had selected those bearing the effigy of Horace Greeley.

Forming in two solid masses, the students glided swiftly over the ice, and soon arrived in sight of the upper store-house, where, instead of seeing the steam-engine in operation, they beheld no signs of work, in addition to which the doors were closed and the place apparently surrounded by a body of men, disguised as Indians, who, on noticing the approaching collegians, marched down to the shore and shouted defiantly:

"Come on, dern you; we are waiting for you!"

These men were the Cowboys, a secret society formed of persons who hired out horses, cows and other animals, and who, on hearing that Mr. Jackson, the iceman, had decided to use steam in getting in his crops, and that the inventor was coming to see how it worked, resolved to stop him.

Ben shouted to his companions and bade them halt, then addressed them as follows:

"See here, chums, this is always the way when a man brings out a new idea. It's just like the gas companies pooh-poohing my worthy colleague, Edison. Now, if we wait until the professors come up we won't have any fun, so my advice is this, steer right at them, yelling and shouting defiance; then, when within five yards of the critters, wheel to the right and left, go on a couple of hundred feet, land, unscrew your skates, secure them to your belts, grasp your sticks, and meet the enemy like true Americans."

A cheer of approbation broke from the assembly, and as the professors came in sight the collegians executed the manœuvre; whereupon a fierce battle ensued between them and the Cowboys, in the midst of which Mr. Jackson and his men emerged from the ice-house and attacked the conspirators on their right flank.

The professors, not having provided themselves with skates, were some time reaching the spot, and when they did so were so excited as either of the combatants, MacNab, like a true Caledonian, giving vent to the war-cry of his clan and leading the charge by flourishing his umbrella.

The Cowboys, finding themselves completely hemmed in, threw down their weapons and surrendered, and when their names had been taken, were permitted to slink off to their various homes.

"We've had a nice time of it," remarked the iceman, as he shook Ben's hand. "No sooner had we turned to this morning than those fellows drove off my men and threatened me with personal violence, thus putting a stop to our work, and finally forcing us to retreat into the building."

"You should have turned the hot water on to them," coolly answered Thatcher, after which he introduced the professors, and having explained his invention, added: "We are quite ready to see the men begin, Mr. Jackson."

In half an hour the steam engine was laboring away and the men were running hither and thither.

"Thatcher!" excitedly shouted the proprietor, as he emerged from the warehouse, "we haven't got half enough hands in here. Will some of you gentlemen assist outside while the hired men come in and stow the blocks."

Ben had noticed that a number of the Cowboys had crept back and were watching the proceedings with blank amazement, so, advancing to them, he said:

"Don't you think you men had better be earning fifty cents an hour than loafing round there?"

"Who is going to employ us?" demanded the ring-leader.

"Mr. Jackson will," quietly returned the collegian. "You will get as much pay this way as you did for yourselves and horses."

"Come along, boys," grunted the man. "Guess we've made fools of ourselves. It's pretty hard work driving them horses, anyhow."

Five minutes afterward over a hundred and fifty men were employed tending and packing, and Thatcher's plan was loudly praised.

As our readers will probably like to know in what this invention consisted, we will briefly describe it:

The ice-house was a long shed, the gable of which faced the lake; the building being provided with six inclined planes, outside and inside, which were fed by means of endless bands, worked by a steam engine stationed at the foot of the central one.

Out on the lake, about half a mile from the ice-house, was a series of anchors, through each pair being running ropes connected with snow-shavers, and leading to the drum of the engine. When these machines were adjusted, they were drawn by the power across the surface of the ice, which they cleaned down to the solid crystal; then followed scrapers that swept the space as smooth as glass, after which there was more than enough ice uncovered to twice fill the ice-house.

No sooner were the shavers and scrapers used than the plows—formerly drawn by horse-power—were connected with the ropes and went gliding hither and thither, as directed by the proprietor, and in half an hour the entire area was marked out; then a saw, driven by steam, cut a dock along the water's edge, the blocks of ice were lifted on to the inclined planes, run up to the holes, and lowered down into the interior of the house, where they were packed as closely as bricks in a wall.

This was the operation going on before the eyes of the astonished professors, and as they gazed upon Ben, they remarked to one another:

"That young fellow will be a second Edison."

Of course these observations were duly conveyed to the student, who, on hearing them, said:

"Oh, I'm not proud; I'm used to that sort of thing. It's the busts-up that worry me."

Half an hour before sunset, Mr. Jackson descended from the gallery of the ice-house, and shaking the inventor's hand, exclaimed:

"If it hadn't been for those fellows attacking us, and we had worked all day, I could have completely filled this house by to-night."

"If you had an electric light you could do it now," drawled Ben. "You ought to go in for scientific applications and you'd whip anybody who didn't use them."

"What do you think of our young student?" inquired MacNab, who, snuffbox in hand, just then approached them. "He's quite a genius, is he not?"

"That's just my opinion," heartily responded Jackson, opening his wallet and selecting a bill, which he pressed into Thatcher's hand. "I like to reward ability; accept that, my friend."

Ben extended his palm, permitted the paper to uncurl, and presently revealed a ten-dollar bill, upon noticing the amount of which he said:

"What's this for?"

"For your invention, young man," answered Jackson.

Thatcher motioned to one of the laborers, who wore very old clothes, and when the man approached, gave him the money, after which he turned to the ice-farmer, and without noticing the indignation of the professors and collegians, observed:

A BEAR ACTING AS A FOOTPAD.—HOW TWO FRENCHMEN UTILIZED BRUIN FOR THE PURPOSE OF FRIGHTENING AND ROBBING A WOMAN.

THE BOY KING, LOUIS XV.

"See here, mister! when science steps from her lofty pedestal and comes to the assistance of fellows like you, she expects something more than your fifty cents an hour pay. My royalty for the use of Thatcher's Combined Ice-planer, Cleaner, Plower, Collector, Tower, Elevator and Discharger is fifty dollars a day." Then, drawing forth his pencil, he made out a receipt, and handing it to the astonished individual, added: "I have a great mind not to permit you to use it again. I've thought out something for you that will save you thousands of dollars, and often enable you to gather a crop that would be melted the next day. Yet you have the cheek to offer me ten dollars. Now pony up the other forty, or I'll put an injunction upon your continuing the use of my invention."

Jackson appealed to the professors, who told him he ought to be ashamed of himself, so finally he paid up, vowing, as he did so, that it was a shame to have to spend money on a mere arrangement of the machinery he already possessed.

When everything was settled the party started homeward, Ben being a greater hero than ever in the eyes of his fellow-collegians.

That evening, when he took his place at the supper-table, one of the boarders handed him the newspaper, and called his attention to the following advertisement:

"To Inventors of Mechanical Apparatus.—Wanted, by the pastor of a church in this city, an apparatus by which he could awaken the sleepy members of his flock. Any person who can devise the same will receive its full value by addressing T. T., Post Office."

"Can you do anything in that way?" whispered Thatcher's friend.

Ben slowly closed his right eye, and nodding to his questioner, replied:

"I know something that will whoop them up."

CHAPTER XLI.

A NEW AWAKENER.

UPON retiring to his room, Thatcher replied to the advertisement, his letter running:

"T. T., Post-office, Grainger.—The undersigned, an experienced practical inventor, can confidently recommend himself to your notice. If you want a regular A1 apparatus, I will design you one that will wake the sleepy members of your congregation quicker than Gabriel's trump. I was the inventor of Ivory Jones's Patent Guillotine Rat-trap, and I believe I can say that, next to Edison, I am the greatest genius America has ever produced. If you mean business, call upon or address,

Mr. Benjamin Thatcher,
Care Secretary of College."

As he slowly read over this mild effusion, it never occurred to him that he was blowing his own trumpet, Ben believing himself to be one of the most modest, diffident beings on the face of the globe.

The next afternoon they had a long session, and as the students were hurrying to quit the building, the janitor handed Thatcher a card, remarking:

"The gentleman who gave me that for you is in the library."

Ben glanced at the name engraved upon the pasteboard, and entering the apartment, discovered one of the most comical-looking individuals he had ever seen.

"I am Mr. Tracy Titus," exclaimed the person, rising, until he towered right above the amazed inventor. "I suppose you are Mr. Thatcher."

"Yes," nodded the collegian, "I am. Seat yourself, if you please; then we shall be on more equal terms."

"I am rather a long fellow, am I not?" smilingly inquired his visitor. "Do you know when I was at school they used to call me the fishing-pole?"

"I ain't astonished," chuckled Ben. "Well, Mr. Titus, suppose we come to business? I calculate that you are the T. T. of the advertisement."

"First of all," exclaimed the elongated young man, "I wish you to perfectly understand that money is no object to me."

"You don't say!" grinned Thatcher. "Well, it is to me, and I want you to know it. If you are willing to pay liberally, I can design anything you desire, only I warn you that my terms are high."

"Will you come home and take supper with me and talk business after?" mildly inquired the other. "I live on Rhea' Square."

"With pleasure," answered the collegian. "I'd just as soon take a meal with you as I would at my boarding-house."

When Thatcher had put on his ulster and hat, they emerged from the building, and, on reaching the square, Mr. Titus halted before the door of a handsome dwelling-house, and applying a key to the lock led the way, observing as he did so:

"I'm a bachelor, so you must excuse any little deficiencies in my establishment."

For once in his life inventive Ben was completely puzzled, and could only imagine that his host was a lunatic.

He had never been very intimate with any one who possessed great wealth, so he gazed first at Mr. Titus, next at the furniture, and lastly at the silver service upon the supper-table, murmuring, as he completed his survey:

"I want to know."

Our readers must not think by the foregoing that Mr. Tracy Titus was a fool; he was simply an exceedingly polite, gentle, generous young man of weak constitution, who had more money than he knew what to do with, yet was shrewd enough not to permit himself to be overreached by designing people.

"Now, Mr. Thatcher," he said, as they seated themselves at the table, "make yourself at home. I have stewed oysters, broiled ham, Strasburg pie, truffled turkey, various kinds of cakes, and tea and coffee. If you will help yourself, I shall be much obliged."

"Bless you, I'm not at all bashful," chuckled Ben, attacking the turkey. "To tell you the truth, our food is rather light where I board;" adding, "Say, don't it cost like forty to live in this fashion?"

"Oh, I can afford it," was his host's mild response. "I have an income of government securities that yields me twelve thousand dollars a year."

"Nobody would have believed it to look at you," bluntly rejoined Ben. "I always thought that bondholders were bloated."

The young man laughed at this, and when the meal was over, conducted his guest into the library, and seating him, inquired if he smoked.

"No," drawled Thatcher, "I don't; but if you have no objection, I would like to know what you require me to invent for you."

Doubling himself up in his chair, and hugging his bony knees with his lean arms and hands, Titus began, in a low tone:

"Before I tell you the particulars of what I require designed, I desire to confide a secret to you."

"Go ahead," winked Thatcher. "I'm as close as a New England farmer. You needn't be afraid; I won't give anything away."

"Oh, I know I can trust you," whispered the other. "The fact is, I'm in love, and, would you believe it, am afraid to tell the young lady about it, so I want you to make a plan by which I shall so distinguish myself in her eyes that she will listen to my suit."

"Who's the gal?" asked his guest. "How will any invention I may make benefit you?"

"The lady's name is Simmons," bashfully answered Titus. "I teach in her father's Sunday-school, and am one of the trustees of his church, but she's always making fun of me, and last Sabbath evening I heard her say, 'If anybody were to invent something that would wake up people who sleep during sermon time, I'd marry them out of gratitude.'"

"Pe-wough!" whistled the collegian. "I see what you mean. You want me to design an apparatus for you to put your name to. Oh, I can fix that for you, my friend."

"I play the church organ," mildly continued the other. "Now, if you could fix the machine so as I could have it on the right of my seat, I could work it and not be observed."

"Have you the keys of the church?" inquired Ben.

"Yes," said Titus; "we can enter the building through a private door in the rear of my garden. If you like, I'll take you there now."

The pair resumed their overcoats, and quitting the house, were soon in the church, and after lighting a number of gas-burners, the organist led the way to the gallery, which was devoted entirely to the instrument and choir.

"I see how I can do it," enthusiastically remarked Thatcher. "I can place the battery under your seat, and have the working dial on your right. This part of the apparatus will consist of a square plate, provided with rows of knobs, lettered and numbered to correspond with the chairs used by the congregation. When you notice one of them asleep, just count the row in which he or she sits, pick it out on the dial, and gently press the knob corresponding with that particular chair. If the sinners won't awaken by gentle persuasion, you can give them the full force of the battery, and it will whoop them up in a lively style."

"But won't they find out how it's done?" demanded the other.

"No, siree," knowingly returned Ben. "I shall lead one main wire from the working dial to the floor, divide that into as many branches as there are aisles, subdividing it for each row and chair."

"I don't see how that's going to work," blandly murmured Titus.

"Oh, it's easy enough to an electrician like myself," said Thatcher. "Leave that to me, my boy. Is there anything else you want?"

"Yes, my name put on the dial plate as sole inventor and patentee," was the modest response. "How much will you charge for the whole thing?"

Ben made a number of calculations, and pretended to think very hard, then said:

"I'm going to treat you like a friend and don't want to make a fortune out of you. Suppose we say three hundred dollars?"

"Couldn't you knock off fifty dollars?" pleaded the wealthy young man. "I'm only doing this to please Miss Simmons."

"Well," drawled Thatcher, who was almost choking with laughter, "seeing as how it's to tickle her, I don't mind if I do; but must have my money as soon as the apparatus is fixed."

"Certainly," was the innocent rejoinder.

The next evening he began to fit the wires, which he concealed so cleverly that no one could tell their presence, and kept at it steadily every night until he completed his contract.

Mr. Tracy Titus duly tested the working of the affair and paid Ben his money, then waited until one Sabbath had passed ere he tried the awakener.

During week-days the dial was pushed in under the organist's seat, so no one discovered it, and as the instrument was inclosed from the view of the choir, the latter would be unable to watch what he did.

On the following Sunday Titus and Thatcher took up their places before the organ, and when the sermon commenced, Miss Simmons's admirer drew aside the red curtain, and, smiling upon the inventor, beamed down upon the congregation, some of whom settled themselves to enjoy the discourse and others to indulge in "forty winks."

It was several moments before either of the latter betrayed their drowsy state. However, at last a tall, serious-looking deacon slowly bowed his head; upon seeing which Ben winked at his companion, and whispered:

"Row X, number two, one, three. Now's your time, Titus!"

Tracy's hand trembled as it touched the disk, and in another second the mischief was accomplished.

[To be continued.]

"Inventive Ben" was commenced in No. 641.

A CHILD CATCHES A WEAZEL.

WHILE a young miss of twelve years, daughter of a farmer residing near the village of Mount Hope, was engaged in feeding a hen and chickens, at an early hour recently, a weazel made its appearance among the brood, and seized one of the chicks. The plucky little girl grasped the chicken and vainly endeavored to wrench it from the fatal jaws of its ravenous enemy. Bereft, in its eagerness for blood, of fear, the weazel held on, resisting all the efforts made to shake him off. Determined not to be beaten in the contest, the young miss then seized the weazel by the nape of its neck and ran to the house, a distance of some two hundred feet, making her appearance in the dining-room, where the family were seated at breakfast, with it firmly clutched in her grasp, her hands bleeding from repeated applications of its teeth and claws. Here the family dog was called in, but the weazel fastened its jaws into the upper lip of his dogship, who, with howls of pain, wildly ran about the room. The distress of the dog, a great household pet, again put the little girl upon her mettle, and seiz-

A CHILD CATCHES A WEAZEL.—A YOUNG MISS OF TWELVE CATCHES A WEAZEL AND THEREBY PROTECTS HER CHICKENS.

ing the weasel she choked him off the dog, but only to cause him to fasten his teeth in her thumb, which he bit through and through. Though the pain must have been necessarily great, the child uttered no cry of distress, but patiently awaited until the grip of the weasel had been released by his being choked. The animal was then killed.

A BEAR ACTING AS A FOOTPAD.

TWO Frenchmen were arrested the other day on a charge of highway robbery. They are the proprietors and exhibitors of a dancing bear, and it was alleged in the complaint that they had made use of brute as a means to their nefarious ends. It is alleged that they met a woman on the road, about three miles from Richmond, and by using the bear as an old-fashioned footpad would have used a pistol, frightened her into delivering up her portable wealth. Was the unhappy female a Mosiem? Whether or not, ingenious writers of anti-Russian "leaders" might convert her into one. The local paragraphist states that, pending the exhibition of the human miscreants, "the bear is saddled upon the unfortunate owner of the stable" in which he is lodged. One shudders at the idea of being saddled by a bear!

THE BOY KING, LOUIS XV.

THE poor little boy who became King of France in 1715 was so young that he could scarcely walk alone, and so forlorn that he had no kinsman near enough to take his hand when he was shown to the people, but had to be held in purple-ribbon leading-strings.

It was a sad reign altogether. The regent was the Duke of Orleans, a thoroughly dissipated man, and the whole court became nothing but a sink of iniquity under him. He died just as the young king was growing up; but the boy was slow, dull, and painfully shy—not at all fit to take command of everything, like Louis XIV. He had a good tutor, Cardinal Fleury, who was ruler for a little while, but soon died; and then there was nothing to hinder the king from being drawn into all sort of evil by the wicked men who had grown up in the time of the regent, the Duke of Orleans.

The queen was a Polish princess, named Maria Leckzinska. She was a gentle, kindly person, though not at all clever, and at first the king was very fond of her; but these wretches thought it dull to have a respectable court, and wanted to manage the king their own way, so they taught him to be a glutton and a drunkard, and think it witty to talk the low, coarse language of the vulgar crowd in Paris. The queen was shocked, and when she showed her offense Louis was angry, and never cared for her again, but only showed himself with her in public, and spent all his spare time in the most disgraceful amusements.

Yet the people, who did not know all as yet, had such a love and loyalty for the very name of king that they were ready to break their hearts when he had a bad fever, and almost went mad with joy when he recovered. They then called him Louis the Well-beloved, a name that sounded very sad in after-times.

There was a great war going on all this time between Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary and Archduchess of Austria, and Frederick II., King of Prussia. The English held with the Austrians, and the French with the Prussians; and at the battle of Dettingen, George II. had been defeated by Marshal de Noailles. Again, at Fontenoy, the English were defeated. Louis XV. was with the army, but the victory was owing to his general, Marshal Saxe.

The wars, however, pressed very heavily on the French, and the poor were even more wretched than in the former reign. The Duke of Orleans, a good man, son to the wicked regent, one day brought a horrible bit of black bread to the council, to show the king what his subjects lived upon; but nothing would make Louis care for anybody but himself.

In a subsequent period this king, by his neglect, lost Canada, which was conquered by England, and then gave away Louisiana to Spain. His wicked and disgraceful reign prepared for the terrible revolution which cost Louis XVI. his life.

DIVING, PAST AND PRESENT.

By WILLIAM HARDING.

[Continued.]

WE will now turn to the sponge-divers. The sponge is an article of such common use about our person that its appearance is familiar to all, yet few persons think of its origin, or inform themselves how or where it is produced. The Levantine sponge is the most celebrated for its fineness and delicacy of texture. Other places also produce good sponges, but none can vie with those of Oriental origin.

DIVING, PAST AND PRESENT.—DIVING FOR SPONGES ON THE COAST OF SYRIA.

The manner of gathering the sponge is novel, and to those engaged in it it is a dangerous pursuit. The boats employed in the business proceed to the "grounds" early in the morning and cast anchor. The divers have nothing on but a sort of sack, which covers the breast.

In descending, they go down by the aid of a rope attached to a heavy weight. Arriving at the bottom, the diver moves about, and by feeling, selects the best specimens within his reach, which secured, he puts in the sack on his breast, and when exhausted, ascends to the surface of the water. In this way the day is passed.

When the sponge is first taken out of the water it is enveloped in a gelatine animal substance, which makes it very heavy, causing it to hold water. By placing the sponge on the ground and treading it with the feet, the gelatine substance is discharged, and but little more preparation is necessary to prepare the sponge for the market.

The Levantine merchants engaged in the business gather up the sponges collected from the different places and concentrate them at Tripoli, at which city is the grand mart for the sale and distribution. The sponges are brought into market in large willow baskets, and the venders stand and chaffer for them in the streets. No place in the whole city is rendered more attractive than this centre of the sponge trade.

Nassau, capital of the island of New Providence, an island of the Bahama group, is also splendid sponge-fishing ground.

Diving for sponges is not practised in that locality. The fishers put to sea in sailboats, having a canoe in tow; arrived on the ground, the fisherman enters the canoe, and by the aid of a water-glass takes an observation of the field. In one hand he holds a trident, and with this instrument and the water-glass he tears the sponges from their beds, lands his boat and returns in triumph to land.

The cargo is then spread upon the beach in an exposed position, to allow the sponges to *die*. This process takes about three days, and at the end of that time the sponges are placed in an open pen, and at a point between low and high tide marks. The washing in and out of the tide cleanses the sponges in a few days, after which they are examined, well beaten, and then packed away in the carts that are to convey them to the market.

The process of packing and baling sponges for market is done in a screw-press. The sides of the press are composed of boards, which are removed, and allow a square of tow-cloth to be laid upon the bottom of the press. The sponges are then carefully packed until the press is quite full, another square of bagging is laid over the top, and the screw is worked by horizontal bars until the sponges are compressed into an almost solid mass as firm as a well-packed bale of cotton. Most of these sponges are sent to the United States, and a few go to England.

Though I have already said a few words about coral-fishing, I must not finish my notice of primitive divers without some reference to the coral-divers of Ceylon.

Previous to the year 1874 the oysters mysteriously disappeared from Ceylon, and for ten years the trade was completely ruined. All efforts to investigate the matter and discover a remedy failed, although an English *savant* spent three years investigating the matter, on a salary of $5,000 a year. The first fishery after the suspension yielded rather more than a million oysters, netting to Government a lac of rupees ($50,000). An ordinary lemic coolie is said to have picked up an oyster in which he found a pearl worth $1,000; but generally the oysters were too young to yield good pearls. The pearl fishing-ground is about twelve miles distant from Silawatarre, and about two hundred boats, divided into two fleets, distinguished by red and blue flags, were engaged during the twelve days for which the fishery was fixed. At midnight a signal-gun is fired from the shore, whereupon the boats start for the banks.

On arrival another gun is fired, and operations are forthwith begun. In each boat there is a crew of seventy-three persons, to whom one-fourth of each take belongs, the other three-fourths accruing to the Government. The divers are let down by stones fastened to ropes, and stay under water as long as possible, during which time they try to fill their baskets with oysters.

The diving on this scale, with two or three hundred boats, is a very interesting sight. From the last accounts that we have of these fisheries, we hear that the English divers in regular diving-dress are fast taking the place of the native divers.

From a very early period pearls have ranked among gems, and been highly esteemed as ornaments. The Book of Job refers to their great value, and frequent allusions are made to them in different parts of the scriptures. The Greeks and Romans used them in profusion, and even decorated their feet with pearls.

Pearls vary much in size. Those which are about the size of a pea, and of good color and form, are most valued, except unusually large specimens, which are rare. The most noted pearl was owned by an English gentleman. It weighed three ounces, and was four and one half inches in circumference and two inches in length, but irregular and imperfect.

Among the Romans enormous prices were paid for fine pearls. Strings of pearls were valued as high as 1,000,000 sesterces, or about $40,000. The pearls in the cardrops of Cleopatra, which she proposed to dissolve in vinegar at a costly repast, were valued at $400,000. Like the common oyster, pearl oysters congregate in large numbers on banks, and are obtained year after year in the same localities. Where the water is shallow they are sometimes dredged, but they are generally taken by divers in the manner that we have already described.

The Spaniards, who first visited the American continent, found the natives decked with necklaces and bracelets of pearls, and Montezuma is described, in his first interview with Cortez, as wearing garments adorned with this precious ornament.

A single shell often contains from eight to twelve, and in some instances it is said even twenty pearls.

The usual dimensions of good Oriental pearls are from the size of a pea to about three times that size.

[To be continued.]

TRUE STORIES ABOUT THE INDIANS.

NO. VIII.

THE ESCAPE FROM ONONDAGA.

THE following story might be thought a mere joke, if its truth were not certified by the grave and pious persons who took part in the events related. It shows us the Indians in a very undignified light; but the fact is that they were as credulous and gluttonous as they were brave and cruel. Their respect for dreams, on which the story turns, is well known to all who have studied them in real life. An old historian assures us that an Indian who dreamed of having his finger cut off actually had it cut off when he awoke, that the dream might not prove untrue! Another, who dreamed that he was taken prisoner and tortured by his enemies, let himself be duly tied to a post and burned in several places, which the powwows of his tribe declared to be the proper way of fulfilling the oracle. After this, we need not be surprised at the trick which we are going to see played upon them.

On the banks of Lake Onondaga, in the heart of the Iroquois country, was settled a little colony of some fifty Frenchmen, headed by devoted Jesuit fathers, who never shrank from risking their lives to rescue the Indians from heathendom. Every man who joined that colony knew that he took his life in his hand, for the Indians of the Six Nations and the struggling French settlements along the St. Lawrence were almost constantly at war. It was not two years since they had come there (in 1656), on the invitation of the Onondaga tribe. At first all had gone well. They had been received with feasts and demonstrations of friendliness; they had been allowed to build themselves a fortified house; the missionaries were listened to, though their preaching seemed to make little real impression on the Indian character.

But now the Frenchmen began to suspect that their new settlement would not long be left in peace. The Indians still feigned friendship, yet there was reason to distrust their fickle and treacherous purposes. A fresh outbreak of hostilities was daily expected, in which case it would fare ill

with the little band of white men at Lake Ontondaga, who were in the position of hostages in the hands of the enemy. They might well feel uneasy. And their suspicions were confirmed by the confessions of a converted Indian, who informed them that on a certain day they were to be surprised, overpowered, and carried to Canada, to be tortured before the walls of Montreal and Quebec, as a means of persuading their countrymen to surrender.

Being thus warned in good time, they took measures to escape from the country. Notice was sent to the outlying parties; all the Frenchmen were gathered together in their forts. Secretly, in the garret, they worked at two flat-bottomed boats, to hold fifteen men apiece; besides, they had eight canoes. But how were they to get away without being discovered and attacked by overwhelming numbers?

The Indians, encamped all round their abode, were keeping a close watch upon them, and were in the habit of going in and out of the mission-house as if it were a public place of entertainment. Not a man of them could steal into the woods unseen, much less could fifty depart with all their baggage. It was necessary to meet cunning by cunning; and while pretending to be quite at ease, the Jesuits carried out a most extraordinary plan for eluding the vigilance of their dangerous neighbors.

There was a young Frenchman, who had been adopted by an Indian chief, and become familiar with their language and customs, but who was willing to act in concert with his countrymen. He now announced that it had been revealed to him in a dream that he was in danger of being killed by an evil spirit. To appease it, according to one of their superstitious usages, he invited the Indians to partake of a "medicine" feast, at which every guest was bound to eat as much food as might be placed before him. These gorging parties were a common feature of Indian life, and it was a point of honor not to shrink from the most disgusting, and often injurious gluttony. Dreams, too, were held to the highest reverence. No warrior could refuse to oblige in the comedy in which the fate of the ceremony on which, as they believed, his life depended. So preparations were made for the enormous banquet.

The Jesuits, who had before denounced this custom, now saw fit to encourage it. Toward the provisions for the occasion they gave the hogs which they had brought with them to stock the country, and other supplies from their own stores. The scheme, of course, was to bring the whole tribe into such a state of repletion that they would be perfectly helpless and stupid. The Indians fell into it blindly, and were effectually deceived, while congratulating themselves on deceiving their intended victims, whom they would eat with one day and murder the next.

The evening appointed for the festival arrived, and every kettle in the camp was called into use. Great fires and torches of birch-bark and pine-wood lit up the scene. The dusky crowd came together, in keen anticipation of a feast where their own hearts. To animate them there was no lack of music, savage and other; drums, trumpets, and flutes made the woods resound with discordant din.

The Frenchmen pretended to enter into the excitement, gayety, no doubt, coming natural to them, even at such an anxious time. They gave presents, they fraternized with the greasy warriors; they danced in the Indian fashion; and the red men, not to be behindhand in civility, cut clumsy capers in imitation of the French dances. We may fancy the roars of laughter, the shrieks, the chattering, the rough jests; for the Indian, when off his guard, is by no means that grave, reserved being who generally exists for the amusement of the white. The young host played his part well, laboring to make the company feel at home. The rude cookery was accomplished; the huge portions were ladled out into wooden bowls; the greedy guests fell to on stews of flesh, fish, and corn.

The music clattered on. All was jollity, enjoyment, and, above all, noise; under favor of which the boats and baggage of the mission were being quietly carried down to the side of the lake by scores of the Frenchmen, while others remained among the feasters, encouraging them to stuff themselves like men in the noble cause which they had undertaken.

The viands swiftly disappeared, till even these red-skinned gluttons, accustomed as they were to make up for their long privations by large feeding, began to flag in the task of consumption. But an English boy would sooner refuse plum-pudding on Christmas Day than an Indian could, with any sense of propriety, refuse to go on eating of such a banquet, so long as victuals remained, or the watertainer chose to declare that his demoniacal enemy was still unappeased. They had gorged themselves to satiety, to discomfort, to positive pain; it seemed that nature could bear no more. They besought their host to spare them—to have pity. "And am I to die, then?" he cried, indignantly; and at the call of duty his friends struggled to cram themselves still further. To oblige him, they would eat till they burst, or till they could no longer raise their fingers to their mouths.

At last the young Frenchman, who, according to the etiquette of such occasions, had been fasting all through, proclaimed that the work was done, thanked his kind friends, and released them from further service. Most of them, by this time, were utterly incapable of moving. The man whose life they considered themselves to have saved proved his gratitude by playing softly to them on a guitar or some such instrument, and under the soothing strains the whole band was soon snoring or stupefied.

By this time all was ready by the lake side. The Frenchmen had been stealing away one by one. The last of them now followed, without taking leave of their false friends. It was about midnight when the little fleet pushed off, and made for the Oswego River, which was to bear them toward the nearest outpost of civilization.

Their dangers were by no means passed. It was a cold Spring night; a film of ice was forming over the dark bosom of the lake, through which the foremost boat had to push its way, the rest following in a string along the passage thus opened. If the ice grew too firm to break through, yet not firm enough to walk on, it would be to little purpose that they had escaped the fires of the Iroquois. Then, the outlet gained, there were before them twenty leagues of a stream, abounding in rapids, and shut in on either side by rocks and dense forests, every reach of which was a natural fortress for any enemies who might pursue them. A dozen men, armed only with bows, could have easily wrought havoc among the unprotected crews. At one place they had to make a portage which took them four hours. But a night and a day's hard work brought them safely to Lake Ontario, and in a few days more they reached Montreal, with the loss of only three men drowned in the rapids of the St. Lawrence.

On the morning after their departure the Indians awoke, probably not very early, heavy and dull, and out of sorts. They were somewhat surprised not to be summoned by the Jesuits to prayers, as usual, still more when they found that none of the Frenchmen were stirring. It is said that figures stuffed with straw had been placed in the attitude of sentinels round the house. At length the Indians, growing suspicious of their stillness, entered and found the place empty.

Now they were lost in wonder. How could the "black robes" and the other "long knives" have got away? They were not known to possess boats enough, and moreover, the lake was seen to be frozen over. Snow had fallen through the night, but there were no tell-tale footsteps on its virgin surface. The simple Indians were forced to conclude with awe that the white men must have flown away, and this belief prevented them from pursuit, even if they had been inclined for much exertion after the orgy of the night before.

[To be continued.]

FLOATING TO FORTUNE;

Or, Which was the Hero?

By JAMES REYNOLDS,

Author of "BLUNDERING BOB," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

A PAIR OF PRECIOUS SCOUNDRELS.

RICHARD PRICE, Junior, with an exceedingly long face, and with his usual solemn mood, entered his father's law-office on an afternoon a few weeks subsequent to the time when we last had the pleasure of following that young gentleman's somewhat checkered career, but decidedly benevolent conduct in causing to be inclosed and mailed to Mrs. Ruth St. John one half of his father's very generous Christmas gift.

Something had happened to make the promising Dick Price look inglorious, for he had barely removed his overcoat and brushed up his hat, preparatory to putting it in a case, which he had hung near his desk, when he exclaimed, in a low, almost heart-broken voice:

"Well, there's nothing for it but to read the 'Sorrows of Werther.' What a confounded impudent girl that sister of mine, Mattie Price, is! She's always getting a fellow—especially if he's amiable and good-looking, as I certainly am—into a scrape. Here she's gone and hinted to that precious, sweet little beauty—here, hold in your horses, Dick Price—Alice St. John, that her 'friend in need'—pah!—was no less a personage than the future brilliant and eloquent pleader at the bar, her brother! Now, I can't say that I see anything very wonderful in what I did. I had no use for the money I sent to Mrs. St. John. Mattie wheedled me out of the other moiety, the rogue, and the lady and her daughter seeming in the latter was indisposed, but she's getting her health, thank heaven—needed it. I felt positively assured. Tom Burt, her adopted son, being on a voyage for the good of his health—I'm glad, by-the-way, that Tom was picked up, as he says it's better even than Mrs. St. John, and is now alive and kicking, with a promise of returning when the voyage is ended. How rejoiced Alice and her mother were when Captain Bird handed them Tom's letter! and so was I, for it has given me the right to call on them now and then, and, with a faint hope of reforming Mattie's expenditure habits, of introducing her to the sweetest, dearest, loveliest—here, here, Mr. Price, junior, none of that—but, then, Miss Price had no right to blab on me. Now, let me see what the 'Sorrows of Werther' says on this important subject."

The junior Price had no opportunity to explain to himself, in his decidedly confused monologue, the nature of the subject to which he referred; for, just as he opened the volume by Werther on horror the door opening over the entrance-door to the outer office was violently rung.

"Some one for the governor," muttered Richard, Junior. "The blessed old soul's in his private room. Come in!" he added, in a louder key.

"Come in! The door is never closed to clients—especially if they're fat wallets."

The last remark was made in a softer tone, and, of course, could not have been heard without.

The door was pushed open, and two gentlemen, both of dark countenance and decidedly sad-possessed manners, entered.

Dick threw Werther on his desk and rose to his feet.

"Mr. Price's office?" questioned one of the gentlemen.

"It is, sir," answered Richard. "The gov—I mean Mr. Price, is in his private room. What name, sir?"

"Tell him that Mr. Henry Burt——"

Dick gave the speaker a quick, sharp glance.

"And," added the visitor without a pause, "Mr. John Jollison, have, at his request, called."

"Hum!" thought rather than muttered Dick. As he proceeded to the room in which his father was seated buried in thought and surrounded by tomes of legal lore, he growled, "These birds of a feather are always together, hobbing, nobbing, jobbing, robbing. One steals from the widow! What a skunk to do so! the other from his son. Ah! Burt, won't we have fun? Father," added Richard, in a stage-whisper, "two gentlemen without an invitation. They demand admittance and consultation."

Price, Sen., thus aroused from his meditations, looked up, and on throwing his spectacles over his bald pate, demanded their names.

"They announce themselves as Messrs. Burt & Jollison," replied Dick.

"Eh!" soliloquized the senior Price. "Burt, Henry Jollison, John—admit 'em; will cause and a swindle. All right; send 'em here. I'll talk to 'em."

Richard, with a very grave air, escorted the visitors to his father's *sanctum*.

"There's the governor—I mean Mr. Price, gentlemen," said Richard. "He's affable; charges consequent on importance of case. Large orders thankfully received, small ones in proportion. Nothing hung up here!"

"Look!" cried the senior Price, "hand the gentlemen chairs and then close the door. It's cold in here."

"Yes, my potent, grave and reverend sinner, I'll do it," murmured Dick, in a very low key.

And then, to show his obedience, he, upon providing the visitors with seats, left the door wide open, not so much to hear what would be said as to permit a draft of warm air from the outer to increase the tempertature of the consultation-room.

"Ah!" began Mr. Price, as he mechanically raised a hand and lowered his glasses to the bridge of his nose, "you are Mr. Burt, are you? And you, sir, Mr. Jollison, eh?"

Mr. Burt smiled and answered:

"We are the parties, but you have not given us our proper names. I am Mr. Burt, and this gentleman is Mr. Jollison, both of Virginia."

"Exactly, sir," returned Mr. Price. "As it comes to me, Thomas Burt died a few years ago, bequeathing his estate in Virginia to his only son, who was also christened Thomas, and making his brother, Henry Burt, guardian to this boy."

"He did no such thing, sir," interrupted Henry Burt, with a malignant scowl. "I am, or was, the guardian of my nephew, Thomas Burt. For a season I charged myself with his care, out of pure charity. His father, who was my brother, dying intestate, and indebted to me in moneys aggregating a sum much beyond the value of his estate, real and personal, I took possession of it without dispute. Mrs. St. John, of Richmond, having a liking for my nephew, asked to adopt him as her own. Sir, I did not deny her that pleasure," he added, with a short laugh.

"Hum!" began the old lawyer. "Have you proof of indebtedness on the part of your brother to you?"

"No, sir," answered, rather hotly, Henry Burt. "A transaction between brothers where money was concerned needed no collateral evidence."

"There's where you're mistaken," said the counselor. "You say there was no disposition of the property made, previous to his demise, by your brother?"

"None whatever," replied Burt. "I am positive of that."

"And yet I have a will in my possession purporting to have been prepared by him; and, sir, it is signed, sealed, and duly attested by competent witnesses, and is now a matter of record in the State of Virginia. I may add, sir, that a process has been issued for your apprehension, in consequence of your unlawfully appropriating, without duly accounting therefor, the income of the decedent."

The scowl on Henry Burt's face gave place to expression of astonishment and fear.

"A will, sir!" he cried. "It is false! No such document was ever prepared."

"Perhaps not," said the lawyer, reaching one of his arms to the iron safe that stood open near to his desk, and which hinted to that precious, sweet little beauty—here, hold in your horses, Dick Price—Alice St. John, that her 'friend in need'—pah!—was no less a personage than the future brilliant and eloquent pleader at the bar, her brother! Now, I can't say that I see anything very wonderful in what I did. I had no use for the money I sent to Mrs. St. John. Mattie wheedled me out of the other moiety, the rogue, and the lady and her daughter seeming in the latter was indisposed, but she's getting her health, thank heaven—needed it. I felt positively assured. Tom Burt, her adopted son, being on a voyage for the good of his health—I'm glad, by-the-way, that Tom was picked up, as he says it's better even than Mrs. St. John, and is now alive and kicking, with a promise of returning when the voyage is ended. How rejoiced Alice and her mother were when Captain Bird handed them Tom's letter! and so was I, for it has given me the right to call on them now and then, and, with a faint hope of reforming Mattie's expenditure habits, of introducing her to the sweetest, dearest, loveliest—here, here, Mr. Price, junior, none of that—but, then, Miss Price had no right to blab on me. Now, let me see what the 'Sorrows of Werther' says on this important subject."

The junior Price had no opportunity to explain to himself, in his decidedly confused monologue, the nature of the subject to which he referred; for, just as he opened the volume by Werther on horror the door opening over the entrance-door to the outer office was violently rung.

"Some one for the governor," muttered Richard, Junior. "The blessed old soul's in his private room. Come in!" he added, in a louder key.

"Come in! The door is never closed to clients—especially if they're fat wallets."

The last remark was made in a softer tone, and, of course, could not have been heard without.

The door was pushed open, and two gentlemen, both of dark countenance and decidedly sad-possessed manners, entered.

Dick threw Werther on his desk and rose to his feet.

"Mr. Price's office?" questioned one of the gentlemen.

"It is, sir," answered Richard. "The gov—I mean Mr. Price, is in his private room. What name, sir?"

"Tell him that Mr. Henry Burt——"

Dick gave the speaker a quick, sharp glance.

"And," added the visitor without a pause, "Mr. John Jollison, have, at his request, called."

"Hum!" thought rather than muttered Dick. As he proceeded to the room in which his father was seated buried in thought and surrounded by tomes of legal lore, he growled, "These birds of a feather are always together, hobbing, nobbing, jobbing, robbing. One steals from the widow! What a skunk to do so! the other from his son. Ah! Burt, won't we have fun? Father," added Richard, in a stage-whisper, "two gentlemen without an invitation. They demand admittance and consultation."

Price, Sen., thus aroused from his meditations, looked up, and on throwing his spectacles over his bald pate, demanded their names.

"They announce themselves as Messrs. Burt & Jollison," replied Dick.

"Eh!" soliloquized the senior Price. "Burt, Henry Jollison, John—admit 'em; will cause and a swindle. All right; send 'em here. I'll talk to 'em."

Richard, with a very grave air, escorted the visitors to his father's *sanctum*.

"There's the governor—I mean Mr. Price, gentlemen," said Richard. "He's affable; charges consequent on importance of case. Large orders thankfully received, small ones in proportion. Nothing hung up here!"

"Look!" cried the senior Price, "hand the gentlemen chairs and then close the door. It's cold in here."

"Yes, my potent, grave and reverend sinner, I'll do it," murmured Dick, in a very low key.

And then, to show his obedience, he, upon providing the visitors with seats, left the door wide open, not so much to hear what would be said as to permit a draft of warm air from the outer to increase the tempertature of the consultation-room.

"Ah!" began Mr. Price, as he mechanically raised a hand and lowered his glasses to the bridge of his nose, "you are Mr. Burt, are you? And you, sir, Mr. Jollison, eh?"

Mr. Burt smiled and answered:

"We are the parties, but you have not given us our proper names. I am Mr. Burt, and this gentleman is Mr. Jollison, both of Virginia."

"Exactly, sir," returned Mr. Price. "Well, sir, I have to say the firm has been retained in a case which, should it ever be ventilated in a court-room, will be known on the calendar as the cause of Burt against Burt."

"Ah!" said Mr. Burt; "and pray, sir, what may be the basis of the action?"

"Briefly this, sir," answered Mr. Price. "As it comes to me, Thomas Burt died a few years ago, bequeathing his estate in Virginia to his only son, who was also christened Thomas, and making his brother, Henry Burt, guardian to this boy."

"He did no such thing, sir," interrupted Henry Burt, with a malignant scowl. "I am, or was, the guardian of my nephew, Thomas Burt. For a season I charged myself with his care, out of pure charity. His father, who was my brother, dying intestate, and indebted to me in moneys aggregating a sum much beyond the value of his estate, real and personal, I took possession of it without dispute. Mrs. St. John, of Richmond, having a liking for my nephew, asked to adopt him as her own. Sir, I did not deny her that pleasure," he added, with a short laugh.

"Hum!" began the old lawyer. "Have you proof of indebtedness on the part of your brother to you?"

"No, sir," answered, rather hotly, Henry Burt. "A transaction between brothers where money was concerned needed no collateral evidence."

"There's where you're mistaken," said the counselor. "You say there was no disposition of the property made, previous to his demise, by your brother?"

"None whatever," replied Burt. "I am positive of that."

"And yet I have a will in my possession purporting to have been prepared by him; and, sir, it is signed, sealed, and duly attested by competent witnesses, and is now a matter of record in the State of Virginia. I may add, sir, that a process has been issued for your apprehension, in consequence of your unlawfully appropriating, without duly accounting therefor, the income of the decedent."

The scowl on Henry Burt's face gave place to expression of astonishment and fear.

"A will, sir!" he cried. "It is false! No such document was ever prepared."

"Perhaps not," said the lawyer, reaching one of his arms to the iron safe that stood open near to his desk, and which held within it a certain drawer therein a flat package, neatly folded and tied; "and perhaps this is unfamiliar. And, sir, I have been informed that it was of so important a character in your eyes that, even before the body of your deceased brother was in the cold grave in which it rests, you were seen to secrete it under the flooring of a room in his house, which you claim as yours under a fictitious plea of indebtedness, which, you know, sir, wouldn't stand probing for an instant."

"Give me that package!" cried Henry Burt, jumping to his feet, his features purple with rage. "How came they into your possession? Give them to me, or I will"—and he pulled a revolver from the breast-pocket of his coat——"or I will blow you into eternity!"

"Softly," said the lawyer; "don't be a child. Put up your weapon, sir. Should you kill me, you'd simply be hanged as a murderer; and that wouldn't be pleasant, you know. Put your pistol away. Throw it out of the window. These papers you cannot have, sir. They are not of the slightest value to you. I'll gave them to you, and you were to destroy them now, and here, it would not help you in your forgery——"

"Sir!" yelled Henry Burt.

"I said roguery!" repeated the old counselor, placidly. "Is not a pitiful attempt to rob the orphan, roguery!—blank, unrelieved thieving! which no gentleman, and no man of honor would have attempt. This paper, this will, is on record, sir, and there it ends. Dispute its validity in Virginia, if you desire to do so. But, if you will be advised, a journey to that Commonwealth might involve your personal liberty."

Henry Burt sank back in his chair, muttering an oath, his dark countenance now pallid, and his body shaking as if it had been suddenly attacked by ague.

At the close of a painful silence, which, however, lasted but for a minute, Burt recovered sufficient courage to say:

"Pooh, pooh! what does all this amount to? Have not the newspapers announced the death by drowning of my nephew, Thomas Burt, some ago from a Fulton Ferry boat? Sir, I am the only person living who has lawful right to the estate of my deceased brother—even," he was careful to say, "admitting the genuineness of the will, which I deny."

The senior Price laughed inwardly.

He had, by his self-possession, conquered a bully.

He had now but to add the finishing blow.

"Do you not know, sir?" he said, as he returned the package to the safe, and carefully closed and locked the door, "that your nephew—Thomas Burt—is not dead."

"Not dead!" repeated Burt, putting a hand to his forehead. "Why, the account in the papers——"

"Was quite true!" interrupted the lawyer. "Quite true, so far as it went; but we have since seen a sea-letter, addressed to the junior of this firm, from young Thomas Burt, in which he informs us of the safe arrival of his rescue, after remaining an extraordinary length of time in the water, and of his voyage, then in progress, to South America and the Pacific. It is expected that he will be absent a couple of years. Meantime, his estate will be managed, and you will be looked after."

"What a trump that old gentleman who calls me his son is!" murmured Dick Price, admiringly. "Worth a father, and such a son! Why, that deriving old fellow didn't frighten him worth a cent! How good-naturedly he took it all! Dick Price, Jr., I feel proud of you, you have such a game old rooster of a progenitor! *Laus Deo!*"

"An d now, sir," said Mr. Price, Sen., turning with a smile to Mr. Jollison, "I am commissioned to inform you that there is a matter between you and Mrs. Ruth St. John, now of Brooklyn, formerly of Virginia, which it would be well, if you desire personal liberty, to attend to. You have been a little more cautious than your friend there. There is no will in your case. You have simply defrauded—swindled—Mrs. Ruth St. John, and there is such direct and damning evidence of your intentions that no court of law in which I have ever practiced would hesitate for a moment in pronouncing you a scoundrel and convicting you of felony——"

"You employ strong language, sir," interrupted Mr. Jollison, his dark face turning yellow.

"Pooh, pooh!" returned the counselor; "do you imagine for one moment that I have practiced in law courts, civil and criminal, for upward of fifty years, and have failed in that most important necessity of the successful lawyer—a Lavater-like knowledge of the face? Now, take my advice, make restitution. You are a bad man; there are, however, worse in the world, and your cheating Mrs. St. John has not added much to your peace of mind or to your worldly prospects. Make restitution and you will not regret it. I have within my reach means of punishing you severely. Still, I do not desire to put them into execution. But I tell you plainly you cannot escape me. You have been under surveillance for weeks, as also has your friend here; and did you desire to know it?"—and here from a pigeon-hole in his desk the lawyer took a bundle of manuscript—"I could read to you the story of your lives during the whole period of your residence in New York, including your joint swindle of that rich young fool, Jefferson. Here is the story of the five thousand dollars."

"You must have taken unusual pains in our particular cases," said, Jollison, sarcastically.

"Oh! not at all," returned the counselor, with a smile. "Those human sleuth-hounds, the detectives, have a faculty of nosing a dozen of trails at a time, and they just hand me, without a word, their daily reports. One of these detectives, who is very much in your company, has a little paper which, if he should feel inclined to take out of his pocket-book and hand to you, would place you in the Tombs for a certain job you were recently engaged in, and perhaps end your career as a Virginia freebooter in New York, providing you with permanent lodgings at Sing Sing."

Like his associate in crime, John Jollison's face became exceedingly pale upon hearing these words. The old counselor leaned back in his chair, smiled grimly as he noted the spectacles from his yet keen-looking, sharp gray eyes upon his bald head and took up the papers he had removed from the pigeon-hole.

His son, Dick Price, who had been listening to the conversation and watching the effect of his father's words upon his now cowed visitors, muttered:

"By George! isn't the old gentleman splendid! He's a brick, a trump, a barrel of soft-soap, and a whole carboy of sarsaparilla! How he bites with his acid! I hadn't an idea the gov. was so sharp, shrewd and seriously eloquent. Ha! I now see where I got all my brilliant talents from. Dick Price, you ought to be proud of yourself! Being a chip from the old block, you'll be a great man yet! Now, governor, put it to Jollison," he added, in a murmur, which could not have been heard a yard from where he sat. "Pitch in, governor, for Alice and her mother's sake. Make him come down handsomely. Give him fits! Heck him, stab him, jab him with your legal scalpel! Ha! Jollison, you son of a gun, you'll be brought to grief as scoundrel-in-chief, if you don't come down, as you must, without kicks or frowns, with the dust—for the sake of Alice and for that of justice and truth; else, you'll be fitted so well to a stone-inclosed cell, that soon you'll wish you well sunk fathoms deep in a bell, where sea-serpents crawl, man-eaters maul, big whales spout, sea-lions shout, and whales roar!"

How much longer the admirer of Werther's Sorrows would have continued his rigmarole, it is not possible to say, had his running commentary not been interrupted by John Jollison remarking, in an apologetic tone:

"Mr. Price, I fear you totally misapprehend the character of my conduct toward Mrs. St. John, who seems to have unnecessarily retained you as her counsel. Had she written to me, and requested a final settlement with me, I should have acquiesced cheerfully and without expense to her."

"Hum!" rejoined the old lawyer; "if that is the case, we can settle things in a few moments to her, and perhaps your satisfaction. Here is a paper which only requires your signature, and surveillance of the police will be removed, and possibly the charge of perjury which lies against you dropped."

"Perjury!" repeated Jollison, in a startled voice, rising partially from his seat.

"Yes, sir; conviction on that alone would brand you for ever a felon and send you to prison. Will you sign this paper, which I have prepared for you?"

Jollison paused a moment and looked intently on the worn-out floor-cloth.

It was evident to the wary old counselor that he had "cooked his fish," and had only to serve him.

"I'll sign the paper, sir!" at length assented Jollison, "provided it does not call upon me to make confession of crime—because I am not guilty of intentional ill-doing."

Again the lawyer smiled grimly. He handed the some-time prepared document, which, without containing any direct charge against Jollison, would restore to Mrs. St. John some property—sufficient for her support.

"Read the paper before you sign it," said the elder Price, as he unfolded the manuscript.

Jollison did so, then intimated that he was ready to sign it. In the way he got out of what might have proved an ugly scrape.

"A witness is necessary, sir," said the counselor. Then he added, addressing his son, "Richard, call in Mr. Israel, and come with him; I want you both to witness a signature."

"Yes, sir," answered the junior of the firm.

A minute later, and in the presence of the necessary attestors, John Jollison, his hand shaking as if with palsy, placed his signature to the document.

"Now, gentlemen," said the elder Price, in pleasant tones, as he drew his spectacles upon his nose, "it is not necessary I should detain you longer. As for you, Mr. Burt, matters have been arranged with your consent; but if you are again met at the county pursuit in the placing on record of your brother's testamentary papers, you can do so by engaging a lawyer, resident of Virginia, to question their authenticity."

The two men rose silently to their feet, and bowing coldly, withdrew—neither uttering a word.

"A precious pair of scoundrels," muttered the old lawyer, as he returned to his work, and presently forgetting the interruption.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN ASTONISHED FATHER.

WITH flushed and shamed faces, Burt and his companion in villainy retired from the presence of the legal luminary—whom they felt from the opening of the interview to its close they could not overreach—and on entering Nassau Street, in

which thoroughfare the office was, they turned their faces northward.

They walked on in silence, side by side, for two or three blocks, or until they reached Spruce Street, where Burt, with an oath, muttered:

"Well, it is over. I am a poor devil. I could not fight or bully. The will of my brother on record, though how it was got out of the place in which I secreted it puzzles me, for I know no one was present when I hid it, intending, at a future time, to utterly destroy it; but I was somehow prevented from so doing by reasons which came up and were as trivial as various. I saw there was nothing to be made by going beyond the bounds of discretion. Old Price had the winning card in his hand. But who gave him that card? There's the puzzler! I dare not go back to Virginia to find out, and I am without means. Why did you sign that paper, Jollison?"

"Why?" returned his companion. "Do you see that brown-stone building over there in the City Park? It stands on Chambers Street. It is between the City Hall and the Register's Office. Look through the trees and you will see it."

"Go on; I have seen and been in it a hundred times," returned Burt.

"Very well," resumed his companion. "Five minutes' walk from that building—which contains certain courts of law, where what are called criminal trials are held, and men's lives and liberties are disposed of—is a somber structure, having a peculiar style of architecture—Egyptian, gloomy and forbidding. It is known all over the world as the Tombs! From the Tombs to Sing Sing is, I believe, just forty miles, and a Hudson River Railroad express car will place you there within the hour; but sometimes it takes as many as five, and even ten, years to return on that same road. Now, I calculated in this wise when at the lawyer's: If I decline to affix my signature to that paper I will assuredly find myself before the end of a month, perhaps, safely put away for years behind thick stone walls, massive bolts and gratings of iron that not even a giant could bend or wrench from their fastenings. On the other hand, I bethought me of Jefferson, and I reckoned there were plenty of golden-feathered pigeons besides him in this great city that could be plucked, and the feathers that had served them, if wisely used, could be made to line and make comfortable my own nest. Do you see?"

"Jefferson's a fool," returned Burt, with considerable asperity. "He'll soon be cleaned out by the turfmen and cue-pushers. He has also taken to faro."

"There you're again mistaken," replied Jollison. "Jefferson's young, dissipated, shadrow of mixing in what he calls good society, but, sir, he is far from idiocy. Mark my words, Burt, he'll wake up some fine morning a 'reformed man,' as they say of all such, and will husband his resources, and perhaps even pluck those who are now plucking him. He must make our harvest while the sun shines. We'll reap golden grain from Jefferson and from many others. And so rejoice that you've had an ugly burden taken from your shoulders. I rejoice, and am glad that I'm free of debt. Now, John, what do you say to terrible rows when they start about it. The elder Weller knows them well."

"Very true," said Burt. "If you are satisfied I am. Let us at least be true to each other, even if we mutually acknowledge that we are but 'unconnected forgers and robbers.'"

The two men upon this strange proposition clasped hands, and a minute later were seated together in a Third Avenue car, which was crowding its way through Chatham Street into the Bowery, and thence northward to Harlem Bridge.

The conspirators had barely entered Nassau Street on quitting the Price office when, with a sort of glad cry, which he could not without bursting a blood-vessel suppress, Dick Price rushed into his worthy parent's presence, and throwing an arm around his neck, astonished him by bursting into tears.

"Why, Richard," exclaimed the senior Price, "why, what's the matter? What does this mean? You positively paralyze—astound me! Sit down, my boy, and compose yourself. Eh, where are my glasses?"

"Father," responded Dick, "I'm an ungrateful son, but I'll repent in sackcloth and ashes. I'll tell mother to save a lot for that purpose. Know that it was I who stole your umbrella—your spectacles are on your head—on the fatal night when poor Tom Burt went overboard."

"Contrition comes rather late," remarked the senior gentleman, dryly. "How comes it you think of repentance now?"

"Because—because you're a brick, governor."

"A what, sir?" demanded the lawyer, sternly, and withal confusedly. "What do you mean? What are you driving at? Brick and governor! I never was either."

"I didn't mean that, exactly, father," Dick tried to explain. "I meant to say you were a trump, and that when you played euchre with those fellows—Burt and Jollison—you just showed them, in the cleverest way, that you held both bowers."

The senior Price, utterly dazed by the incomprehensible language of his son, placed on his desk the very dry traverse he was endeavoring to study out, and said:

"You will do me a very great favor, Richard, if you will address me in ordinary English."

The youth had by this time mastered his emotion, and brushing away his tears, said:

"Yes, sir; I did address you in a curious way, I admit. But you see, sir, you came it over those chaps in a way that was really soothing to one's nerves——"

"Came it over!" murmured the senior, meditatively. "Go on, sir. Your nerves must be delicate."

"Well, sir," resumed Dick, with a determination to be right this time, "those blows you gave 'em were reg'ler sockdologers, knocking the wind out of 'em every time you, so to speak, struck out from the shoulder; regular winders they were."

"Richard!" again interrupted the father of this remarkable youth—"Richard, I've no doubt that what you intend to say is all very well, but it's incomprehensible to me as Choctaw. Now, do for the hever to retire, and compose yourself. I've this case of Blinck against Blank to review. It's on to-morrow for argument, and I must be prepared."

"Yes, sir," replied Dick, quite crestfallen. "I would, with your permission, like to make myself scarce for the rest of the day. You see, I want Mrs. St. John to know what prime success you met with in your interview with Billy Jollison, and how you managed to make her independent by knocking spots out of him. I tell you, pop—I mean father—it was just splendid the way you plucked his pinfeathers. You hit him in the gizzard every time. In round three you threw him down over the ropes, and then, like the other fellow, Burt, he threw up the sponge. He wouldn't come to time. It was just jolly. May I go?"

All this was said in the soberest possible tone and manner, and during its delivery it struck the old gentleman painfully that his son, partner, and the prop of his declining years—in whose legal triumphs he would yet glory—was slightly demented!

Before, however, he could call his son for the third time to order, a young lady cast her expensive shadow across the door-sill, and in a low, but cheerful voice, said:

"Dick, stop, unless you want to set pa crazy. And I want to borrow ten dollars from him in the meantime."

The junior Price looked up and muttered:

"Oh, is that you, Mattie? Never mind money now. I want you to come with me to Mrs. St. John. I've glorious news for her and Alice—means that'll make them, for this night, at least, the happiest people in Brooklyn. They're rich—they're pecuniarly independent. Alice'll be all right now. She'll get well. Come, come!"

"Papa," said Miss Mattie, calmly vibrating her closed parasol from side to side, like the pendulum of a clock, "I do believe your son, there—your only boy—is queery upon that Alice St. John."

Dick blushed for the first time in his life.

The senior coughed and groaned, and muttered "Spoons."

"And," he added, with a sigh, "I've toiled day and night that they might be educated. And this is the result. It's disheartening!"

"Yes, papa," continued Miss Price; "he's at the St. Johns' half his time, and if that Alice isn't his duck, then isn't a goose or gander on Long Island's seaport shore."

Again the old gentleman groaned. He looked upon Richard Price, Esq., father's pride on the richly stained and by no means plain-looking girl who called him father.

"Won't you accompany me to the St. Johns'?" again requested Dick Price.

"I'll go on the instant if my dear papa will let me contract a loan with him in a sum not exceeding twenty dollars."

"It was ten dollars just now, little one, you said you wanted," said the senior, with a groan.

The young lady put an arm around his neck, and bending her face to his furrowed brow, gaily touched it with her rosy lips.

"In coin, papa," she answered, "not one cent, but in love an inexhaustible flow."

"That's the way you always wheedle father," said Dick. "If he knew you as I do he wouldn't give you a smell of a dollar in an age."

"Smell of a dollar!" sighed the counselor.

"Dear pa," protested the young lady, "never heed Dick. He's jealous, that's what's the matter. Now, if you want to see him hopping mad and making a donkey of himself, please place in my hands—they're for benevolent uses, I assure you, pa—twenty dollars. If you haven't that much about you in gold, why, I'll accept bills."

The senior Price, perceiving that it would be useless to contend against so fair and so persistent a persecutor as his daughter, put on a logarithmic smile as he took from his sale four golden half eagles and placed them in her dainty hands.

Again she kissed her father, and, on thanking him, intimated to Dick her readiness to return to Brooklyn, and even visit the St. Johns.

An hour elapsed ere the transpiration of the incidents above related, Richard Price, Jr., accompanied by his sister, alighted from a street-car in De Kalb Avenue, some distance east of Franklin Avenue, and proceeded in the direction of a modest, but pretty two-story house, the portico of which was covered with late-blooming vines, while the gables were nearly clothed with the leaves of the ivy-plant.

This was the home of the St. Johns.

Dick's heart began to beat with unusual vigor as he saw looking out of a window at them as they approached the open door the exquisitely-molded, but somewhat pale face of Alice St. John.

It is strange how quickly a woman can discern the first symptoms of admiration for one of her sex in a man.

"Now, Dick," remarked Miss Mattie, "don't make a fool of yourself. Alice is a fine girl, and she may be thinking of some one else."

"Stop your nonsense, sis, if you please. I don't care any more for Alice St. John than I do for any other girl of my acquaintance. She's nice, and I like her because—because her brother, Tom Burt, was my friend. There!" and Richard, for the second time, blushed, while a tremor like a weak stream of electricity seemed to pervade his nervous system.

Miss Mattie, upon hearing this, arched her pretty brows, wrinkled her fair forehead, smiled incredulously, and then, in a very provoking way, said:

"Dear! Of course."

"Good-evening, Alice," said Mattie, as the young ladies osculated. "How is your ma, and pray where is she? Dick, there, has something of importance to communicate. Something, he says, that will make your ears to rejoice. Richard, you wretch, why don't you come forward and recognize Alice's salutation?"

Poor Dick! His knees had suddenly lost their strength, and his tongue its lingual readiness!

"This is fancy," he said to himself; then aloud, but hesitatingly, he added, "A beautiful evening, Miss Alice. Excuse me, I want to see your ma-a."

Again forgetting his bashfulness, his mind reverting to the interview of the conspirators at the office, he cried, to the bewilderment of the young lady:

"It's all right and tight, I tell you. The governor can pitch a stone higher than any other wind-piper at the bar of New York. Jollison's been to see him, and he's the uncle of Tom, and he just wrestled with them, and took them off their pins so quick that they didn't know what happened to them until they found themselves sprawling on the ground."

"Lawsie," remarked Miss Mattie, nodding her head toward Alice.

Alice smiled, and looked good-naturedly at Richard.

She had learned to regard him as her good friend. She had taken the place of her adopted brother in her mind.

As yet, and perhaps never, would she experience a palpitation of the heart on his account.

She was very, very grateful to him.

Poor Alice!

Poor Richard!

Happily, at this moment Mrs. Ruth St. John, yet young in years, and almost as sweet and blooming as her daughter, emerged from an inner chamber, and greeted, with a pleasant smile, her visitors.

"Oh, I'm glad you've come, Mrs. St. John!" Dick cried, upon clasping one of her small, shapely hands. "These girls, Mattie, particularly, were getting me all mixed, and would have had the laugh on me in five minutes. I've great good news for you," and he then and there proceeded to relate the interview, with which the reader has been made familiar, and its results.

It is unnecessary to remark that Mrs. St. John was rejoiced at the information which Dick, with unusual volubility, poured into her willing ears.

Tears came to the widow's eyes as she drew her delicate daughter to her, kissing her gently and lovingly on either cheek.

"Thank God for His mercy to us! I need not now longer hesitate about you, dear. Perhaps it will be well, and I would dearly like if Miss Price could accompany us, if we remove to Florida until the return of summer here. You would then be quite well and strong, and you would not be exposed to your return, at night from work as you have been."

Warm, generous-hearted, self-sacrificing Dick seconded the widow's suggestion, and even went so far as to say he'd make his sister go with them, for company's sake.

"And who knows," he added, but with a tremor in his voice he could not master, "but you may come across Tom Burt down that way."

"Ah!" said the widow, with a little more than usual color in her face, "I have just received a note from Captain Bird, of the *Tasmania*, the same who brought Tom's letters, saying that there has been a dreadful gale and prolonged tornado off the coast of Florida and in the Gulf of Mexico. A great number of vessels are reported, but as yet the *Isabella* is not of them."

CHAPTER XIV.

NERO'S DISCOVERY.

IT would seem as if the fates had resolved on pursuing to the end ship-wrecked Tom Burt.

While yet he was battling in his open boat, with the aid of the mariner and the dog as his companions, the log bellied out by the rapidly subsiding norther, or *norte*—as the Spaniards call the winds, often fierce as the hurricanes which prevail in the Gulf of Mexico from the month of November to that of February—the yawl, in which were the master of the foundered *Isabella* and the large majority of the crew, was more fortunate.

Shortly after daybreak Captain Trousom, while his boat was rolling on the crest of an unusually high wave, happened to notice an object some miles to the westward, but before he could fully determine its character, his yawl had, with the receding wave, sunk into the hollow.

Immediately he seized his spy-glass, and when he again rose out of the trough of the sea, leveled it at the object which had attracted his notice, and found, to his great joy, that it was a fore-and-after bearing down upon him.

Immediately upon making this discovery he informed his men of the presence of the near prospect of relief, and that the approaching vessel might not pass by without noticing them, commenced discharging his revolver at short intervals, vainly hoping the noise of the report would be heard by those on board the vessel.

In a few minutes, which, however, appeared to be hours to the weary, hungry, and impatient mariners, the schooner came within a few hundred fathoms of them, and would have passed on, not having observed the yawl, but Captain Trousom stood at the prow and made signal by waving from the end of an oar, to which he had hastily attached it, his shirt, which was of white muslin, the only one of light color in the company.

The signal, happily for a time, succeeded, for the fore-and-after was seen to vary her course sufficient to bring up to where the yawl was, with her now overjoyed crew laboring through the seas.

Lowering the lugsail, the men took their oars and sat down in the yawl on the leeward side of the schooner, which proved to be the *Princess*, Captain Bright, from the Balize, bound for Kingston, Jamaica. They were at once taken on board.

Immediately on addressing Captain Bright the master of the *Isabella* inquired if he had met with and picked up a small boat containing three persons and a dog.

The skipper of the *Princess* confessed that he had not.

Then Captain Trousom gave his rescuer a short but succinct history of the terrible tornado he had encountered, and through which he had labored many days, only to lose his vessel by fire, caused by a thunderbolt, in the end, compelling the crew, as a last resort, to take to the boats and make for land.

"The gig, with the rest of my crew, must be very near here," added the master of the foundered vessel, "for it is not many hours since we parted."

The captain of the *Princess* at once caused his vessel to retrace her course for a considerable distance; then he ran northward, tacked and stood eastward and southward, and although he kept a man at the masthead on the lookout, and himself and Captain Trousom scanned with their glasses the horizon, not the slightest sign of there being any other thing on the waters outside of the *Princess* could be detected.

Captain Bright, being a humane man, lost nearly a day in fruitless search, and at last, as night approached, he placed his vessel on her original course and bore away for Jamaica.

"Where are we?" asked Captain Trousom, having been reluctantly compelled to the conclusion that the gig had succumbed to the turbulence of the sea, and those on board lost.

The master of the *Princess* answered:

"We're in the heart of the Bay of Honduras."

"Bay of Honduras!" exclaimed Captain Trousom. "Why, I must have been driven far out of my course to have made so much southing."

"We are now in about twenty-four degrees of latitude, north," resumed Captain Bright, "and longitude, eighty-four. I have myself been studied to take an observation, because of the thick weather, since I left the Balize."

"I made westings for a day or two before the sinking of my vessel, hoping to reach the northern coast of Florida, but I must have been driven southward at a tremendous rate, and so have passed around the Keys and to where you say we are."

In a few days the *Princess* was moored to her dock at Kingston, where she was speedily discharged of her cargo by gangs of negresses, who, in single file, labored untiringly through the day, the hot rays of an almost equatorial sun pouring down upon them.

Captain Trousom made an early call on the American Consul, and upon relating his misfortunes, was provided with means for the temporary relief of himself and his men, and passage-tickets ordered for the next steamer from Aspinwall homeward bound, that stopped there for passengers or to replenish the stock of coals.

While the ship-wrecked mariner remained at Kingston he did not fail to make inquiries from arriving vessels from the Gulf ports if they had met with or had heard of Mr. Coffin and the boy and cook; but no information could be obtained that was satisfactory, and he was at length forced to the conclusion that they had perished, or else been carried by the Gulf current to the Florida coast, and had there, in some wild and uninhabited part—perhaps on one of the Keys which run parallel to the main shore—made a landing.

On finally returning to New York he called on Mrs. St. John, whose address he had at an early day obtained from Tom Burt, and made known to her what has here been given to the reader, adding that he did not quite believe he was lost, but would turn up some day, and that very soon.

"It would be a great misfortune, indeed," said Mrs. St. John, as she placed her handkerchief to her eyes, "if the poor boy should die. He was as a dear son to me. I could not have loved him more if he had indeed been my own child. And now his father's property awaits him, from the revenues of which he could at once command an education that would qualify him for a high social grade in life. If it should come to the knowledge of his uncle that he has been lost, he would at once cause himself to be reinstated in what was his usurped possessions until Mr. Price, the lawyer, ousted him; and, perhaps, even place the property in such a way that it would be utterly beyond the reach of my poor boy if he should again be heard of. However, in any event, Thomas Burt shall never want while I, his adopted mother, have the means to indulge him and forward his material interests."

"Let us hope, madam," said Captain Trousom. "Tom's father was my good friend, and I, in turn, will do all I possibly can for his future, should he require assistance at my hands. I cannot do very much for him in a pecuniary sense, now, as all I had gathered together in the years I was at sea went the same line with the *Isabella* on the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico."

The course of the history of Tom Burt now brings us back to the morning when the yawl was picked up by the *Princess*.

He had, as we have seen, sat unflinchingly at the stern, holding the helm and guiding the frail boat on her westerly course, while his companions lay, as he supposed, in deep sleep, recuperating their exhausted forces.

As the day slowly advanced, Tom thought he might, with propriety, awaken Mr. Coffin and request him to take his place.

He was about to do so, when Nero, who had been snuffing about the tarpaulin which Mr. Coffin had drawn over his person for protection from the elements, gave a low, melancholy whine, as he looked up in Tom Burt's face.

A shudder passed through the body of his listener.

"I must be taking cold," he muttered; "and, notwithstanding, here comes the sun, red and fiery. It will soon be hot enough."

Indeed, since the morning had broken, the dense, dark clouds which had for so many days filled the heavens had gathered themselves up and disappeared, even more quickly than they had come at the commencement of the terrible *norte*.

It was now profoundly calm.

Not even a zephyr fanned the cheeks of the nearly exhausted boy.

The sea was almost glassy in its appearance.

Before the sun would dip in the horizon of the west the waters of the Gulf of Mexico would be almost as motionless as the air.

It would look like a vast sea of molten silver, from which, at intervals, would leap shoals of flying-fish, and through which long stretches of sparkling foam be made by the thousands of swift dolphins which fill the equatorial and tropical waters; and floating in groups, that strangely beautiful pointed *nautilus*—the violet sea-snail—which has the faculty of sitting in its shell-like boat and sinking far beneath or rising to the surface at will; and no less wonderful of the myriad mysteries of the seas comes floating past with wide sails, sails of purple and gold, sails that would shame the iridescence of Cleopatra's golden bark, is the pearl nautilus, the most wonderfully constructed of marine creatures—beautiful, even, as "Love's young dream."

But our adventurer had no eye for these things now.

Rejoicing, as youth should, in his strength, he began to feel as if he had overtaxed himself. His body was occasionally visited by what seemed to be breaths of cold iron from the icy north, and then he would gasp for breath as if he had suddenly been submitted to the consuming air of a fiery furnace.

His eyes also had lost their steadiness.

He could not rest them for a moment on any object.

At times he would seem to see far out on the waters great cities, with vast structures having spires rising heavenward.

Again these would vanish to give place to other phantoms of the imagination.

"I must have sleep," he said. "Mr. Coffin ought to be thoroughly rested by this time. I'll awaken him. But first a drink of water from that little cask. I'm consumed with thirst. Strange, I'm not hungry."

Again the dog whined piteously as he leaped over the seats toward where Mr. Coffin lay motionless, and then he would as instantly return, and placing his head between his friend's knees, howl in a low, sad voice.

The boy shuddered.

"How cold I'm getting!" he whispered. "No, no; what am I thinking of? I'm burning with heat. The sun is getting very powerful. I almost wish now that the clouds and rain were upon me instead."

Then, after a short pause, he added:

"Yes, I must have water—water. How thirsty I am! And you, too, Nero! You must be very dry, poor fellow, although I remember that you drank heartily last night of the rain-water that fell into the boat. Well, never mind; we'll have another drink, you and I, and then I'll arouse Mr. Coffin. How he sleeps!"

Tom Burt made an effort to rise.

He found it, however, no easy task.

He had been seated so many hours at the helm, nearly immovable—his clothes saturated with the rain which had, in the earlier watches of the night, fallen in torrents—and he found it for a moment painful to stand erect.

At length he got upon his feet, and advancing to where, in a seemingly profound slumber as that which he supposed the master to be, reclined the cook.

By the side of the negro stood the cask.

Near it was a tin basin.

In the midst of his own wants Tom did not forget his canine friend.

Ere he quenched his thirst he poured water into the basin, and while Nero lapped it up he raised the small cask to his dry lips and drank heartily.

"What a blessing is water!" he said, as he closed the orifice with a cork, and then placed the vessel,

with its now precious contents, on the bottom of the boat.

As he did so he looked toward where the doctor lay.

He had his head hanging over the seat, and much below the level of the body.

He was breathing huskily, stertoriously, and his eyes seemed to be bulging from the partially opened lids.

"How soundly he sleeps, to be sure!" muttered Tom. "That's what I call a ten-knot slumber. I'll raise his head up. I suppose, if I touch him, I'll awaken him. Well, it don't much matter, anyway. He has rested enough."

Tom raised the head of the doctor to an easier position, but it did not disturb his slumbers.

In fact, nothing short of a cannon's report close to his ears could have aroused him at that moment.

Again Nero gave a low, melancholy howl, and raising one of his huge paws, placed it on an arm of Tom, and looked appealingly into his face.

"What is it, old boy?" asked our hero. "Hungry?"

The intelligent animal whined, and then leaped the intervening seats which were between him and where Mr. Coffin lay.

Again he snuffed over the tarpaulin, and with a soft, almost piteous moan, he caught a corner of the oiled cloth in his mouth and pulled it away from the upper part of the body.

FLOATING TO FORTUNE.—"'HOW CAME THEY INTO YOUR POSSESSION? GIVE THEM TO ME, OR I WILL'—AND HE PULLED A REVOLVER FROM THE BREAST-POCKET OF HIS COAT—'OR I WILL BLOW YOU INTO ETERNITY!'"—SEE PAGE 118.

Tom started back as he looked upon the face of Mr Coffin. It was pale, corpse-like.

The lower jaw had fallen, leaving the mouth wide open, and the tongue was dark and swollen.

The eyes, also, were open and glassy.

The hot, almost fiery rays of the sun, now rapidly rising toward the zenith in its course from the eastern horizon of the cold sea, shot into those unspeculative orbs, from which no shrinking or resistance came.

"My God!" cried Tom, as he stepped to the side of the body; "Mr. Coffin dead!"

Seizing one of the hands, that lay doubled up on the bottom of the boat, he placed a finger on the wrist, and then sought to find if there yet was pulsation in the heart.

He could detect no movement, no throb.

Next he brought his ear over the region of the heart.

But the wonderful, the complex machinery had stopped—ceased its throbbings, its beatings forever.

Yes, the mariner was dead!

Only a form—a man's form—now cumbered the boat.

The man had gone for aye!

"How could he have died without a groan, a sigh, a movement, a struggle—without my knowing it?" queried Tom Burt. "Do men die so easily? It seems impossible! Here have I been within three or four feet of *that* for hours, and yet I knew not that death had been so near."

The speaker shuddered.

"How cold I am!—cold and hot. And my head, it is aching! My eyes pain me, too. It must be from want of rest. I do not like to look over the water and think I see houses and spires just beyond, as one sees while standing in a boat near Staten Island and looking up the bay of New York, the great structures and spires of four cities. I must awaken the doctor."

As Tom spoke, he turned to the negro and called him loudly by name.

The negro, for a time, made no response.

Persisting in his efforts, the boy had at length the satisfaction of bringing to consciousness his now only human companion.

"Doctor," Tom said, when he was satisfied the cook was really awake, "look there!"

As he spoke, Tom pointed to where the corse lay, and upon a limb of which the dog had rested his large, intelligent head, while his own bright eyes were looking into the staring, unheeding ones of the dead.

"Dat's Mars' Coffin, sleep yet, I 'clare!" said the negro.

"A sleep from which he will never awaken," whispered Tom.

"At you say?" said the doctor, looking more attentively at the body. Then, moving nearer, and looking closer into the face, he added: "Gracious! Mars Tom, de mate am gone dead! Po' Mars Coffin! He was a good, quiet man, an' he put on no airs, nor neber swored at de men. I liked Mars Coffin. An' he am gone dead!"

The negro covered his face with his hands.

When he removed them, there were drops of water standing in the corners of the eyes.

"He was not well," said Tom, "during the time we were on board the *Isabella*. Still, he attended, in a quiet way, to his duties. The storm and the exposure and exhaustion, I suppose, were too much for him. And yet he looked strong enough."

"Yes, sah, dat's so," returned the doctor; "but I heerd him say to Capin Tromom jes' fo' we left de dock in New York dat his doctor had told him he had heart-disease, and dat perhaps a voyage sout might do him good."

"It must have been that," said Tom, rather to himself than to his companion. "I have heard that people who are troubled with disease of the heart sometimes fall dead and make neither sign nor groan."

"We've got to bury him, sah," broke in the negro.

"How can we?" asked Tom, with a shudder. "There is no land near."

"Bury him in de sea," replied the doctor. "But we've got nuffin wif which to sink de body; an' ober it must go. See, sah, in dis hot climate de dead smell quickly. Mars' Coffin's tongue's swollen and black a'ready."

"When could he have died? See, his legs are stiff, and so are his arms," inquired Tom.

"I guess he went away from us—his spirit died, sah, and am in glory—when he fus' lay down. Dat's w'y he war so still frew de night."

"That must be it," resumed Tom. "But, doctor, how cold and then how hot I am! And, oh, my head aches so."

The negro was alarmed.

"It's nuffin, sah," he said, however; "nuffin but a cold yo've cotched, I guess. Heah, sah, take some of dis," and the negro poured into a tin cup a large dose of brandy. Modifying it with a little water, he gave it to our hero.

It was a mistake on the part of the negro.

It but added fuel to the flames that were already coursing Toms veins

"Mars Tom," resumed the negro, "we must get rid of dat body. We can't sink it, sah. We must let it float away. I'll tie it up in this tarpaulin."

(To be continued.)

"Floating to Fortune" was commenced in No. 647.

Distinguished Scholars of Jersey City (N. J.) Schools.

CHARLES H. STOKES,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 6, CENTRAL AVENUE, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

CHARLES H. STOKES is a boy of excellent character and marked mental attainments who was presented to us at Grammar School No. 6, Central Avenue, Jersey City, N. J. He was born in the city of New York, in December, 1864, and is, therefore, fourteen years of age. He is the son of James and Annie Stokes. He first attended school in West Hoboken, and then entered Grammar School No. 10, in Jersey City. He also attended school in New York, and finally entered one of the lower classes of the Grammar Department in his present school. In all of these schools he has exhibited much attention to study, and in No. 6 he has already advanced several classes, with a good record in each of them. At this time the Principal is especially pleased with his diligence and deportment. He gives his whole mind to his daily tasks, and his amiability, both to his teachers and his classmates, is of the most pleasing character. He is tidy and genteel in his appearance, and his polite manners and language also prove his good breeding. His face is intelligent, with a rather serious expression. He is very modest, but when you become acquainted with him it is found that he has all necessary self-possession.

CHARLES H. STOKES, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 6, CENTRAL AVENUE, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

ELIZABETH P. BELLARD,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 6, CENTRAL AVENUE, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

ELIZABETH P. BELLARD is presented as a distinguished representative of the female pupils of Grammar School No. 6, Central Avenue, Jersey City, N. J. She is an exceedingly popular girl, with fresh, buoyant spirits and rosy with health. She has never attended any school except No. 6, and in all the classes there is a happy remembrance of her good nature and constant diligence. She was born in Jersey City, December 15th, 1865, making her thirteen years of age. She is the daughter of James and Abigail Bellard. When six or seven years old she entered the Primary Department of No. 6. At first the school was a strange and curious place for her, but she soon delighted her teacher by the manner in which she applied herself to the studies of the class. Her early promise has been more than sustained as she has advanced. A girl always correct in her deportment, and a scholar always diligent and successful, she has entered and left each class in which she has studied with the best possible reputation. She has been skipped over classes and has won the head of other classes. She is well-grown, modest and ladylike. She will soon conclude the highest studies of the school. Looking at her whole school career, she may be justly complimented with an undeviating course of well doing.

ELIZABETH P. BELLARD, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 6, CENTRAL AVENUE, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

"HELP! HELP! SOMEBODY!"

HELP yourself! It is best, young man.
Stand up straight, for you know you can.
Call on nobody! That's the plan.

No one has stolen your chance away!
Fate is as kind to the world to-day
As it was when the Spartans joined the fray.

"Help! help! somebody!" That's your cry,
Nobody heeding as you pass by—
Nobody giving you sigh for sigh.

Each one, helping himself, my friend,
Bids you, too, on yourself depend—
Rather than talk, you had better lend.

Less than a man you could not stand
A freeman born in a glorious land!
Then keep your inches of stature grand.

Try your muscle, and try your nerve;
Don't be ashamed should you have to serve—
Once in the right path, never swerve.

When you have shown to the world your light;
Earned your way in the busy fight,
Friends you will find to the left and right!

Help yourself! It is best, young man.
Stand up straight, for you know you can.
Call on nobody! That's the plan!

WES MAYNE'S MISTAKE.

By W. O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER I.

RIGHT at the head of Bryan's Pass they were encamped that fine July morning. All around and above them were the snow-clad mountain-peaks of Nevada, with their perpetually cool breezes and unfailing streams of bright and glancing water, like that beside which the miners had halted their picturesque array. Mountains all around, indeed, and right before them yawned the rugged chasm of Bryan's Pass.

Everybody in the expedition knew that, and not only they, but half the miners in Nevada besides, knew that it led to the new diggings in the Cheyenne country, from which all exploring parties of white men had been rigorously excluded by the Government at Washington, pending the extinguishment of the Indian title.

Nevertheless, there were Wesley Mayne and his bearded associates, nearly fifty strong, with their tilted wagons and their mining outfits, armed to the teeth and seemingly ready for Bryan's Pass and all the peril which might be beyond it.

If they were not ready, indeed, what could have brought them there in that sort of style? And, if they were really ready, what on earth could they be waiting for so long after their very early breakfast, with only one straggling, four-span team of mules harnessed to move, and such a steady chorus of grumbling comment rising from the scattered groups of stalwart gold-hunters?

"Cheyennes heard from?"

No, worse than that, or not half so bad, a good deal as you might choose to take it. Small doubt but what the redskins would be heard from in due time, if ever they found the men they were most jealously afraid of trespassing on their reserved hunting-grounds; but the news had come to that camp in the night that "Uncle Sam's mounted police" were after them, in the shape of a full company of cavalry, to turn them back from their unauthorized prospecting.

It might, or might not be true, but, then, there was the risk of it, and it would scarcely pay to haul their heavy loads down the rough declivities of Bryan's Pass only to be compelled to turn around and haul them up again, even if no worse should come of it.

And so the morning hours were stealing away, at least two of them having got clear off already, and the adventurers were getting every minute more and more surly and discontented. The surliest and most discontented face among them all, however, was that of Wesley Mayne himself, albeit it was also one of the handsomest, as he stood leaning gloomily against a rock not far from the one wagon that was hitched up.

"I think I'm the biggest fool in the world," he muttered to himself. "I can't put my finger on one single thing that Roxie has ever done out of the way, and yet these infernal fits of mine will take me, and then I behave like a brute. Think of what she left just to follow my fortunes among these mountains! Pretty good luck I've had, too, and it's mainly owing to her. Best adviser a man ever had; but then she's so wonderfully taking in her ways, and every man in the whole outfit worships the ground she treads on. There's the cavalry coming, too, with dashing young officers. Better society for her than any I've led her into these two years, only it's just wonderful how her presence does seem to civilize a mining-camp."

As Wesley Mayne had mumbled the last few sentences, he had swung himself away from the rock in an abstracted sort of way, and slowly and ungraciously approached the wagon, and just here he was interrupted by the clear, sweet tones of a woman's voice, saying:

"Wesley, dear, I've had the mules put in, and Bob and Silas are ready, and we might as well be moving. Perry has had his breakfast, too."

"Yes, papa, Perry had his bethnes," repeated a merry, childish treble, and a bright little fellow of scarcely three years old came running up for a tug at Wesley Mayne's toil-hardened fingers, which still, in some indefinable way, indicated that their owner had been what is called a "gentleman."

"But we cannot go alone, Roxana!" exclaimed the grouty husband; "we cannot penetrate the Cheyenne country with only Bob and Silas and little Perry."

There was a strange vibration in Roxie Mayne's tone as she responded:

"We will go down the pass, at all events. It may be the rest will follow us. At all events, I do

not care to be here when the cavalry come up, after what you said this morning."

The jealous fit, whatever may have been its origin, must have been strong on Wesley Mayne at that moment, or he would have yielded and made his peace, then and there, but Roxie turned instantly to help her boy to his place in the wagon, and her husband sprang into the saddle of his light-limbed California pony, without a word of further remonstrance.

Perhaps the bearded groups of mountain men and miners who were looking on had some inkling of the situation.

It was not Mrs. Mayne's fault, surely, if they had not. Or, perhaps, they were really in serious doubt if they should not themselves be hitching up to follow, in a few minutes more. The latter is very likely to have been the case, as well as the former, or some of them would have attempted some sort of interference, for Roxie Mayne's husband was not far from right in his estimate of her position in the general opinion of his associates.

Bob and Silas were two tall and brawny specimens of the genuine mountain breed, ugly enough to disarm the most unreasonable jealousy, but ready to push forward in any direction which might seem to promise plenty of wild adventure and profitable "diggings."

The road down the Pass was not so very bad a road, all things considered. It would have been just as well, perhaps, if it had not been quite so easy, and if, in consequence, the four-span team had not made such unreasonably good time.

Nothing could exceed the beauty and grandeur of the scenery, and Roxie Mayne might easily have been forgiven if she attempted to solace herself with that and with the prattle of her boy for the continued silence and abstraction of her husband. And yet, to do Wes Mayne justice, the current of his thoughts that morning in Bryan's Pass need not have been altogether displeasing to the fair Roxana, for it was one pretty steady stream of self-condemnation, with a very comfortable spice of good resolution for the future.

"I'm rich enough," he soliloquized, from the back of his sure-footed pony, "and Roxie deserves something better than this. We can go back to civilization now, and hold up our heads without asking any odds of her relations, or mine, either. I'll do it, I will, only we ought not to be heading it this way, through Bryan's Pass and into the Cheyenne diggings, all by ourselves."

His heart was rapidly getting softer, no doubt, and there is no telling but what he might have come to his senses entirely, without any great severity being added to the lesson Roxie's patient courage was teaching him; but, just as he was taking note of the fact that his wife was busying herself with the extra rifles in the wagon, and had pulled out and loaded a repeater, as if she had some notion it might be needed, Wesley Mayne's ears were greeted by a clattering sound of horses' hoofs coming swiftly up the pass. It was a gloomy sort of a place they were in, with vast walls of broken granite rising hundreds of feet on either side, seamed and split with gaping evidences of old-time convulsions, and, high as the sun had by this time risen, the four-span train and its guardians were in a deep, cool, almost ominous-seeming shadow. Bob had been riding some rods in the front, and Silas had been giving his whole mind to the mules; but now the former suddenly wheeled and came dashing back with a yell of "Indians! Indians! close unto us! Gather up madam and the boy, and run for it!"

Run for it? An excellent thing to have done, and well for them if they could have done it; but by the time poor Roxie could drop little Perry on the ground and spring after him, rifle in hand, the feathered crests and long lances of a dozen Cheyenne warriors came dancing around the jagged corner of rock below them, and it was too late for flight.

Too late for anything but a stand-up fight for life, and Wesley Mayne sprang to the ground with such a feeling of horror and despair at his heart as would have unnerved him but for the cry of little Perry:

"Papa! papa! The Indians are coming!"

They were coming, indeed, riding on to what they doubtless deemed a quick and easy triumph—little dreaming how dangerous a thing a small squad of mountain men might be when armed with repeating rifles and fighting for a woman and a child.

Crack, crack, crack! with awful steadiness of hand and eye and a deadly aim, from which there was no dodging or wheeling in that close and narrow pass.

No wide sweep of prairie around them now on which to practice their customary tactics; all their cunning feats of horsemanship were for once of small avail. Close by Roxie and her boy towered the gaunt form of Silas, without a thought in his head or heart of any such cowardice as flinching, death or no death; while a pace or two in front, his white face set in stony resolution, Wesley Mayne plied his weapons as he had never done before. Oh, how the swift thoughts surged through his agonized soul! And he did not dare to turn for even a look at the face of the wife whom his own selfish folly had brought to that unutterable peril.

As for Bob, that veteran of the mines, as brave as any, had not unwisely reined in his horse a little in the rear of the wagon, but he was "potting in his lead" with remarkably good effect. It was an astonishing thing the way those Cheyennes went down; but they, too, were well armed, and they knew how to use their weapons.

Like a tree cut through with many blows, the tall form of Silas reeled and tottered and fell, riddled with arrows, and Wesley Mayne's terror of heart grew blacker and deeper as he saw his friend go down, and felt the sting of wound after wound on his own body and limbs.

Two more Cheyennes—another—that must have been Bob's work—and then, just as it seemed that the redskins were surely beaten, so more a squad of them was left, the revolver dropped from the disabled right arm of Roxie Mayne's husband, and she heard the rattling sound of hoofs in the rear that told her of the flight of Bob.

Sinking, sinking, for lance or arrow had struck him in the forehead, and the last vision before the fainting eyes of Wesley Mayne was that of his brave wife, with Perry clinging to her dress, standing above him with her rifle poised, while the death-yell of a Cheyenne warrior rang mournfully up the echoing pass.

Could it be possible?

Roxie could scarcely believe her eyes, as she lowered her rifle; but the solitary remaining Cheyenne was urging his pony down the gorge, disappearing round the corner of the rock with a quickness that told of mortal fear.

"I must have killed three of them," she murmured. "But, oh, my husband!"

No ordinary woman was she, for in a moment more she sprang up from her sorrowful inquiry with:

"He is not dead! No, nor is he mortally hurt; but what shall I do, for they will surely come back again?"

Exactly how she discovered the place would have puzzled Roxie to tell, nor was it easy to see how she found the strength for such a task, but in twenty minutes more she had found a sort of chasm in the rocky wall, many feet above the level of the pass, a good deal like the opening of a cavern, only not deep enough for prolonged safe-hiding, and into this she had borne the insensible form of her husband, and assisted the trembling steps of poor little Perry.

Nothing to bathe the hurts with, but they were stanched and bound up as well as might be, and in a few more minutes Wesley Mayne came slowly back to consciousness.

"Oh, Roxana!" he faintly exclaimed. "Oh, my wife, what shall I say to you?"

"Nothing now, dear, for I must watch out here, and you must sit still and take care of our boy. You will never doubt me again, will you?"

"I never did doubt you," exclaimed Wesley. "I have been the biggest fool in the world, that's all. I don't deserve to have you speak to me."

But Roxie made no answer, for she was watching now, and listening.

WES MAYNE'S MISTAKE.—"JUST THEN SHE CAUGHT SIGHT OF A BRACE OF PAINTED, HALF-NAKED BRAVES, ON FOOT, SNEAKING FROM ROCK TO ROCK, AND EVIDENTLY SEEKING FOR HER AND HERS."

CHAPTER II.

WHATEVER may have been the state of mind among the miners in the camp at the head of Bryan's Pass that morning, or why it was they permitted Wesley Mayne and his little party to move on alone, the latter had not been gone long before there was discussion and comment enough about it, each man feeling like accusing his neighbor of some sort of fault in having let him go.

There was, indeed, a strong feeling at first, that the whole crowd were now in honor bound to push ahead, and that was succeeded by strenuous propositions to at least ride on and compel the foot-hardy adventurers to come back. But, somehow, more than an hour went by in fruitless altercation and balancing of opinions, without a team being hitched up or a saddle put on.

Then, however, all those who had opposed a forward movement felt their hearts confirmed and strengthened, for the notes of a cavalry bugle came echoing to and fro among the rocks, and that was followed by the ringing of armed hoofs, and then by the rattle of sabres and the sharp, stern voice of command, and a company of blue-coated horsemen came trotting into camp.

No need of explanation where everybody so thoroughly comprehended the situation; but almost the first question asked by the soldierly young officer in command of the cavalry was:

"Where are Wesley Mayne and his wife? I thought they were here."

"And so they were an hour or two ago," began one of the mountain men, but just then there was a fierce clatter and a wild shout heard from the pass below, and "Bob" came tearing up, with an arrow still sticking through his right arm and another in his broad-brimmed hat.

"Mount, boys, mount! The Cheyennes are in the Pass, and they've wiped out our lot, except me!"

"That's what's went with Wesley Mayne and his wife," sadly continued the mountain man to the handsome young officer, "but we'll all mount now and foller ye, if yer gwine to go for the redskins. She was just an angel, she was!"

Not another word from the white lips of the cavalry captain, but the hoarse, hollow "Forward!" was accompanied by such a dig of spurs as sent the whole command after him at a charging pace, and before a miner could mount his horse the blue-coats were out of sight.

They had to pull in from such a pace as that, of course, over such rough and uncertain footing, but it was all his men could do to keep within speaking distance of their leader.

Oh they went, among the deep, cool shadows of the mighty rocks around and above them, until, as they entered what seemed to be an almost level stretch of more than usual extent, they could catch a glimpse of a white wagon-tilt at the further end. Not one sign, however, of any human being, red or white.

"Halt!"

In a moment more the little column had gathered in close array while the leader seemed to study what he had better do, for it might be that his duty called for caution, in such a time and place. Such a thing as an ambuscade, though not likely, so soon after a fight, was not impossible, and it behooved a man who had the lives of others in his keeping not to do anything rashly.

"Captain"—it was the voice of an old plains veteran of a sergeant—"captain, I reckon I seed one or two on 'em, sneaking among the rocks, down yonder. If they're afoot we mought capter one on 'em."

"Forward!" was the only reply, and surely enough, a minute's riding fully verified the keenness of the old sergeant's vision.

"Two of 'em!" exclaimed the captain; "but what's that? Keeled him over! There's some of our people left alive!"

And again the spurs were struck deep, and the sabres leaped from their sheaths without waiting for orders.

There was likely to be work ahead. Another rifle-shot and another dead Cheyenne, but the cavalry swept on over the painted bodies, and past the tilted wagon, and around the corner of the rock. Barely half their number of mounted scalpers, every one of whom wheeled in his tracks to run, but Bob's report and the dead body of Silas were witnesses enough, and no Cheyenne war-party had any business in Bryan's Pass, on any pretext.

It may be that some of those in the rear, whose ponies were fast and who started down-hill instantly, got safely away to their own hunting-grounds, but the sabres answered for the rest.

There was no long pursuit, for the captain wheeled his horse suddenly and rode swiftly back up the Pass.

We left Roxie Mayne watching and listening, rifle in hand, at the entrance of the cavern. Poor little Perry had nestled his curly head close to his wounded father, and the latter had bowed his bandaged head in a sort of broken-hearted reverie, helpless instead of helping, in the hour of greatest need, forgetting—what his brave wife did not forget—the desperate and effective stand he had made for her that day.

Roxie's senses must have been preternaturally sharpened by her love and her peril, for it seemed to her, in a dreamy and indistinct sort of way, that she was aware of horsemen coming both ways—up and down the Pass. Friends from above, enemies from below, there could be little doubt of that.

That's the way it always is in this curious life of ours, Roxie was thinking, but just then she caught sight of a brace of painted, half-naked braves, on foot, sneaking from rock to rock, and evidently seeking for her and hers, as well as scouting the way for their main force.

Prolonged concealment from Indian eyes was out of the question in such an open-fronted sort of refuge as the cavern, and the blood of her husband on the rocks would be ample "trail" for them to follow, and Roxie knew that her defense could not begin too soon. She had never dreamed of taking human life before that morning, but her husband and her boy were lying there behind her, and she raised her rifle as steadily as Bob or Silas could have done.

"One!" she said, as she pulled the trigger, and, in another moment, it was, "Both! but there must be more of them."

And then there came the fierce, exciting rush of the cavalry, galloping by, and, as the form of the handsome captain appeared in front of the blue-coated riders, Roxie gave a joyful little cry, her rifle fell from her hand, and she sank upon the granite level, murmuring:

"Saved—saved!"

Even Wesley Mayne's reverie had not been so deep but what he had been aroused by the reports of Roxie's rifle, and understood the meaning of the iron hoof-beats and the rattling sabres, but not a word did he utter, and his head bowed lower than ever, until, a few moments later, there came a sound of a light, firm footstep on the rocks, accompanied by the clink of spurs and the rattle of a sabre-sheath, and the eyes of the wounded husband were suddenly opened wide enough.

They were opened wider in another instant, however, for Roxie Mayne bounded forward as the handsome cavalry captain entered the cavern, and threw her arms around his neck with almost hysterical eagerness, kissing him again and again, and exclaiming:

"Oh, Will, dear, is it you? I'm so glad you've come; and you were just in time!"

"Roxie, you're a perfect little heroine," returned the officer, with a huge amount of enthusiasm; "but this must be the last of your wanderings in the mountains. Is your husband badly hurt?"

"No, I think not——" she began.

But Wesley had risen to his feet, and was tottering forward.

"Wes, old fellow!" heartily exclaimed the officer, "glad to see you on your pins. I was afraid you and Roxie were scalped and all. Don't you know me?"

"Will Wentworth, Roxie's brother. What shall I do? If I wasn't beginning to make another mistake!" almost sobbed Wesley. "I ain't half good enough for her, Will, but I already made up my mind to take her back to the place she belongs in. She ought never to have been dragged into this at all, and I'm rich enough now."

"So is she," returned the captain, "and so is little Perry, too; but we'll talk about all that hereafter. Come, Roxie; we must have the surgeon attend to Wes, and then he'l for Denver, and we'll send you beyond the reach of any more Cheyennes. I rahred three of them on your account down yonder. No danger that I've made much of a mistake, however."

"I have, though," muttered Wes; and then he added, humbly, "Roxie, Roxie!"

"Don't say another word about it;" and for his life Wes could not have said anything, considering the way in which his wife was closing up his lips just then.

PET WORDS.

IT is but a few weeks since we heard of a father writing to his son at school to ask him whether he was so hard worked at school that he had not time to write "examinations," but cut it down to "exams." The lad modestly enough answered that the master always "took off the 'exams,'" and so he thought it was the proper word to use. "Awfully nice" is another of the expressions which the young reader is warned against. We fear that nothing can drive awfully, and terribly, and tremendously, and frightfully back to their proper uses. We were present a week or two ago when a fond mother lamented that her child would say "awfully jolly." "It is," she pathetically said, "so tremendously exaggerated." We are surprised, by the way, to find included among these vulgarisms such phrases as "currying favor," and "they fell out." To "curry favor" is not, we admit, an expression which we much like. It can, however, as we see by Johnson, plead the authority of Hooker and L'Estrange, while, "to fall out," in the sense of "to quarrel," is so good a piece of English that it needs no dictionary authority to uphold it, though plenty could be produced. Most writers, as has been often noticed, have certain words to which they give an unfair preference. But beyond this, each age has its favorites. Thus "factor" and "outcome" have shot up in a most wonderful way within these half-dozen years; and the barbarous affection of "cultured" has grown to the dimensions of a common nuisance. Again, a hundred years ago, those whom we now call clever were all "ingenious," while "respectable" held a position far above those who keep a pig. It was very widely applied, and was, in fact, in high favor. Madrid was described as a respectable city, the aged Lord Mansfield as a respectable visitor, while Chesterfield, in writing of the hour of death, said: "That the moment is at least a very respectable one, let people who boast of not fearing it say what they please." A writer of the present day would perhaps contrive to make "notable" supply most of the senses in which respectable was used by our forefathers. He would write of a notable city, a notable visitor and the notable moment of death. This word and this adverbial form, notably, have indeed shot up into favor in the last few years with astonishing rapidity. The rise of "tender" has been sudden, but it is chiefly confined to people who criticise art and poetry.

LARRY DOOLAN'S TIGER HUNT.

TWO of us were walking down the Korsie Pass, my friend Fairiegh and I, one morning early in February, 1860. I was on my way to Bombay, to catch the mail steamer that was to convey me back to old England, after an absence of five years, during which I suffered much hardship and exposure in the memorable Indian mutiny, and was now bundled out of the country as fast as I could go with a year's leave on half-pay, and a medical certificate which made out that I was nearly in *articulo mortis*.

At two stages from Nagpore I met with my old friend Fairiegh, and, after staying one night with him, he accompanied me as far as the first dak bungalow toward Nagpore, that of Korsie.

As we stood on the top of the pass and looked over the varied landscape of miles upon miles of dark forest, intersected by numerous jungle streams that lay beneath us, and upon the little village lying at the foot of the ghaut, we were descending, my friend said:

"I never come down to Korsie without thinking of a trick we played on a young Irishman belonging to a detachment which marched through here a year or two ago, on their way to some station in Madras.

"The officers were a very jolly, hospitable set of fellows, and one was an old acquaintance of mine, and whilst we were in company, which was for three or four days, they insisted on my joining them in mess.

"The first meal I took with them was breakfast, and there was something in the way of brawn on the table. Now, I never touch pig in any shape or way in this country, so I was not going to be tempted; but my friend Mac, seeing me looking at it, advised me not to try it, as one of them had shot a wild pig a week before, and its inexhaustible properties were beginning to create a shadow of doubt.

"'Here, Naidoo, what pig is that?' called out Mac to the mess butler—a fat, oily-looking Madrassee, who grinned as he replied:

"'That pig, sar? Why, that pig Cap'in Anderain killed way up de jungle dar!'

"'You rascal, I believe this pig never saw the outside of this village.'

"'Mi bapre, sahib, what for masta tink I make cookin' bazar pig that fashin? No, sir! that Cap'in Anderain pig. Got 'im plenty yet—he big as one buffler!'

"However, I laughingly remarked that it was all the same to me, for I never partook of pig in any shape or form in India.

"'What, not a cut of a nice ham or a rasher from a tin of Ostend bacon?' pleaded, ye wouldn't be after refusin' that, would ye?' broke in a red-haired little man opposite, whose speech betrayed him as a native of the sister-island.

"'Not even a home-rasher would tempt me out here. In the first place, it is not a fit food for a tropical climate; and, secondly, it is looked upon with universal abhorrence by all around.'

"'Ah, is it the naytives ye mane? Well, then, I'd ate it to spite 'em, I would.'

"'Well, if there were any moral principle involved in it, I would do so, too; but in the absence of such inducements I would, as I have to mix much with all classes of natives, rather not depreciate the esteem in which I might be held, especially as I am strict with them in matters concerning their own religion.'

"'Faith, an' what is it ye have to do with their religion—if they have any, the bastes?'

"'You had better not enter into a controversy with Fairiegh about religion, Doolan. He's a moulvie and a pundit all rolled into one,' said Mac; 'and you've precious little knowledge of any, except what the P. P. of Kill-'em-by-inches, or whatever you call your paternal place, taught you by help of a broomstick.'

"'Killinchy, Killinchy, ye omadhaun, an' it's Castle Doolan ye mane when ye speak of me paternal home.'

"'All right, my boy,' replied Mac, winking at me. 'I say, Fairiegh, shall we have a look round the track and see if there are any snipe?'

"'I have no objection,' I replied, rising, and we went out together.

"'Now, look here, Fairiegh,' said Macpherson, when we were out in the open, 'I want to play Doolan a trick, and you can help me. It will do him a lot of good, for of all the bumptious, do-everything, know-everything fellows I ever came across this one beats them all. We have long been on the look-out for an opportunity for taking a rise out of him, and now I think you can assist us.'

"'Well,' I answered, 'I am not much given to practical jokes, but what is it I can do?'

"'Do? I'll tell you what to do. I've got a grand idea. You know that nasty old cantankerous ca—el you have, that roars whenever any one goes within twenty yards of him? Well, I want you to post him somewhere on a jungly road to-night; and then, at mess, we will begin to talk about tigers. Doolan is sure to contradict everything I say, and to deny, as he has been doing, that there is a tiger between Allahabad and Nagpore; and thus we'll persuade him to come out, and I'm sure he'll bolt the moment he hears the camel.'

"There appeared to be no great harm in the trick, and I thought it might be a good lesson to the young fellow, who was an addle-brained rattlepate, and rather a nuisance in the regiment; so our plans were laid.

"The camel was an extraordinarily surly one; the mere sound of a footstep in his vicinity was enough to make him growl and roar in their peculiar way. I did not care to send him very far out, for Korsie is a tigerish place, and I did not want the tables to be turned on me by losing my camel; so I told the driver to post him in a thicket by the roadside, about a mile out of the village.

"Well, at mess that evening our friend was in high feather; he condemned this thing and praised that, and laid down the law like a chief justice, and all the time my little friend Mac was winking at those who were let into the secret, and chuckling to himself with delight.

"Dinner over, most of the party, including the victim, adjourned to my tent, where there was a bright fire, and coffee and chocolate for those who liked such things, and grogs for the others who liked something stronger.

"We drew our chairs round the fire, and Mac began the campaign.

"'I say, Fairiegh, any tigers about here?'

"'Oh, yes,' I replied, 'lots. Here's Doolan won't believe, he says.'

"'No, more will I. Now, look at here now, we've been trapesing through miles of this wretched scrub that lines this dirty omid wather-coorse ye calls a road, an' sorra a fut of one have I seen. An' they tell ye ould women's tales o' man-eaters at ivry turn. It's as much as imposition as the whole counthree is—an' that, be the phowers, is the naked truth.'

"'But there is a man-eater on this ghaut, Fairiegh, is there not?' asked Mac.

"'Certainly; he may be throttling some poor wretch at this very moment, for all we know.'

"'This why doesn't he come out to a ghintleman wid a gun in his fist, who doesn't care a rap for a whisker of the dhirty spalpeen, instead of breaking the skulls o' these black, naygurs that's got nothin' in 'em, aither all—nothin' at all, at all! But what's the use o' talkin'? I'd bet a tin-pound note agin a brass button that I'd go through the length an' breadth of the land, an' niver see one!'

"'I'll bet you Fairiegh shows you one to-night if you'll go out with him,' said Mac.

"'Castle Doolan to a cotter's shebeen that he doesn't!'

"'What do you say?' Fairiegh asked.

"'Well,' I answered, 'I don't know about the certainty; but if Mr. Doolan will venture out with me we may come across one. We will see what my interest says. Here, Monds, do you think there is any chance of a tiger to-night?'

"'Who knows? But the moon is bright; we can find out by seeing.'

"'Well, get out the guns.'

"The shikaree set to work in a systematic way, which showed he was accustomed to such nightly movements, and we could see the Irishman's eyes following him.

"'Is it goin' out to-night, ye mane?' he asked.

"'Certainly, if you wish it.'

"'An what would ye be after a-doing when ye're out?'

"'Oh, we will walk along through the forest to the foot of the hills. There is a cart-road through the jungle, and, as the moon is bright, we may get sight of one of the animals you are desirous of seeing.'

"'An' it's trapezing about in the jungles all night ye would be, when it's up in the mornin' and fall in afore gun-fire, wid the colonel a-swearin' at you as ye're not dressed afore ye're out o' bed. Now look at here now, Larry Doolan's the boy for a tiger or any other baste in broad daylight, but he'll be hanged if he's going to give up his night's rest for one!'

"'But, Doolan, you've got a bet on it; don't show the white feather, man!' cried the others.

"'Don't ye talk about white feather, Trotter, or ye'll have to answer for it, bedad! Be uncle, Terence Doolan, rest his soul! has drilled holes in Phaynix Park through more men than ye've got buttons on yer jacket, me bhoy.'

"'That may be; and Terry Doolan, your venerable uncle of drilling notoriety, would have been delighted at the opportunity offered to-night of drilling another hole in a royal tiger; so brace up, old boy, for the family credit.'

"'Now, now, now, look at here, now, mesjor, it's jokin' ye are entoirely, isn't it, whin ye talk of goin' aither savage bastes at this toime o' night?'

"'No,' I replied, 'I am not joking. I so often go out on a fine moonlight night that, you see, my servants make no question about it, but get everything ready at a few moments' notice that is likely to be required. I dare say some of your friends here will go with us.'

"'Yes, we'll all go!' shouted the rest; and poor Doolan was hustled out, with a gun stock on his shoulder, looking a perfect martyr.

"I was half sorry I had lent myself to his humiliation; but I thought that very likely the lesson would save him from much trouble in after-life—for very often a good snub at the beginning of one's career, if well deserved, does one a lot of good.

"Well, as we went along, these mischievous lads told wonderful stories of tigers springing out of thickets upon travelers, and how they roared to frighten their prey, and quite worked up poor Doolan's feelings to the highest pitch.

"As we approached the wooded part of the road I enjoined strict silence, and made Doolan walk ahead with me, the others following. Every nightjar that flew up made him jump; when, at last, in the gloomiest part of the road, we heard a most savage bubbling sort of growl or roar, very familiar to my ears, but electrifying to poor Paddy, who stopped short, and exclaimed:

"'Oh, be the powers, what's that?'

"'Look out, Larry, there's a tiger coming,' whispered Mac.

"Another roar.

"'Oh, blessid Moses, we'll be kilt entoirely! Look at here now, mesjor; I'm paid for food for powther an' bullets, but it ain't in my commission for to be ate by wild bastes like a knacker's horse, an just roight in the middle o' me. Oh, the saints be up!' (An awful roar.) 'Let me go, Mac; stay ag' be ate av ye will. Mother o' Moses! Come along, mesjor, like a dacint body—do now!'

"Here another roar and a bang in the air from my gun, which was followed by a most violent explosion from the camel, put the finishing touch to poor Doolan's fortitude; for he turned and bolted up the road, calling on all the saints to protect him. Whilst we fired off a salvo in the air, and nearly died with laughter.

"I never saw Larry Doolan again, for the regiment marched early, and my camp moved in a different direction. But I heard from Macpherson a year after, and he said that Paddy was a deal more bearable, and wherever he was hoplited to be obstreperous in his old way, all allusion to the Korsie tiger generally brought him to his senses."

"His countrymen are not often so cowardly," remarked.

"No, nor was Doolan a coward in the main. I believe he was a fairly plucky man, and has since done good service in the field; but it was rather trying to his nerves to be taken out at night to a jungly road, and made to listen to awful roars by what he supposed was a savage tiger. The whole thing was strange to him, and was not, as he expressed it, 'in his commission.'"

THE CORK-TREE.

THE cork-tree is a species of oak growing abundantly in Spain, Portugal and Italy. As there are undoubtedly many parts of our country where it could be raised, it is a wonder that a tree whose product is so extensively used has never been acclimated. The barking is commenced when the tree is fifteen years old, and may be repeated every eight or ten years afterward with no injury to the tree, which, in spite of this periodical flaying, lives to the age of a hundred and fifty years. In July and August, incisions are made around the tree, and down to the root; the pieces, which detach easily, are soaked in water, placed under heavy weights, dried before a fire, and stacked in bales for exportation. The cork-cutters cut the sheet into narrow strips, and round them into shape with a thin, sharp knife.

WILD ROSE AND VIOLET;

Or,

Fun at Mrs. Hawk's.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON THE LAKE.

THE midsummer vacation drew near, and the scholars packed their trunks.

Rose and Violet looked ruefully at these preparations that augured so much joy to their companions, but none to them.

Gazing for some moments at the regiment of boxes in the hall all ready for departure, Rose said:

"How jolly it must be to go home for the holidays!"

"Oh, yes; mustn't it be nice!" assented Violet; "that is," she added, rather sadly, "if we were going to meet a dear father or mother, or at least some one who cared for us."

"Well, dear, as neither of us has parents, we shall have to stay here by ourselves and make the best of it," said Rose, in as cheerful a tone as the prospect admitted.

"I'd sooner do that than go to Skinner's Pride," returned Violet. "We do love one another, at all events, Dot's Pet?"

"I should think we did, darling," was Rose's reply, attested by an affectionate embrace; "and we'll have some fun, somehow. You'll see."

We can go gypsying in the park and fancy we're in the woods."

"By your two selves? How lovely!"

"Then there's the lake and the boat," continued Rose, "and we're going to make a voyage of discovery."

"And then there's Pet," suggested Violet, laughing; "we mustn't forget him."

"Oh, no, don't forget Goliah," returned Milly; "he's a regular little brick."

"Whom are you speaking of?" asked Constance Grey and Charlotte Merry, who came up at that moment.

"Pet," answered Violet.

"What! has he fallen in love with you?"

"In love!—what nonsense," said Violet, almost indignantly.

"Oh, that's nothing," laughed Constance; "he's been in love with all of us in turn."

"What!" Violet exclaimed, in surprise; "has he ever been in love with you, then?"

"He has, even with me," responded Miss Grey, with serio-comic earnestness. "The gallant youth made me 'a very handsome offer of his' and 'earl' before I'd been here a week."

"Is it possible? And what did you say to his audacity?" asked Violet.

"Told him to call again in about ten years, and I would then take his case into consideration," laughed Constance.

The Jolly Girls laughed heartily, and then Milly Westlake said:

"Never mind Pet; I've been thinking of something far more important."

"What is it?" inquired her companions.

"Why, the inhumanity of allowing two of our number to pine here in the solitudes of Meditation House for seven long weeks. It's positively barbarous!"

"So it is," admitted the rest; "we won't allow it."

"I'm afraid it can't be helped," said Rose, "since we're no friends to go to."

"Oh, don't say that, dear," cried Constance; "we are all your friends, and you must come with us."

"With you?" exclaimed Rose and Violet, in amazement.

"Of course," joined in Milly, taking up the idea with avidity; "how stupid of me not to have thought of it before. Here are three of us, Con, Charlotte, and myself. Suppose we each invite you to our homes in turn?"

"Oh, that would be delightful!" exclaimed Rose and Violet, with joyous enthusiasm.

"Very well, then, I dare say we can manage it," returned Milly; "and I've don't have the jolliest time that ever fell to the lot of mortals, say that our club is unworthy of its name."

In two more days the scholars had departed.

"Come on, Vi, dear!" said Rose, after the last carriage had departed; "let us take a ramble through the park."

The two friends were soon traversing the spacious domains that surrounded them on all sides.

It was not long before they reached the lake, on the bosom of which the stately swans glided proudly.

They stood for a short time gazing into its depths, and then Rose, catching sight of the boat, said to her companion:

"Did you ever go for a row on the water?"

"I have been a few times," Violet answered.

"Wouldn't you like to go now?"

"Very much; but what would Mrs. Hawk say?"

"What could she say? This is holiday time, and, as we're left here alone, we've a perfect right to get as much amusement as possible out of anything and everything we can find."

"But is it safe?" said Violet.

"Oh, yes; just as safe as it we were on dry land. The boat is large enough to hold six, at the very least."

"But how are we to get it into the water?" asked Violet.

"I'll show you; come on."

The boat stood high and dry in the boat-house, the floor of which sloped toward the water.

"Now, then, Vi, dear; you take one side, and I will take the other, and then we can easily run her down into the lake."

The effort was successful, and the wherry, thus impelled, glided from its resting-place and floated on the lake close to the bank.

"Now, then," cried Rose, "jump in, whilst I get the oars."

Violet did not jump but stepped, a little timidly, into the boat, whilst Rose fetched the sculls, and, having handed them to her friend, sprang fearlessly into the wherry, which rocked considerably as she pushed off from the bank.

"Oh, take care!" exclaimed Violet, anxiously. "We shall be upset."

"Oh, no; there is not the least danger," returned Rose, in an assuring tone. "Now, then, take your oar and I'll take mine. You know we shall have to row ourselves along."

"But I don't know how to row," said Violet, ruefully, as she tried hopelessly to grasp the oar. "I can't hold it."

"No wonder, dear," laughed Rose, "considering you've got it by the wrong end."

"Oh, so I have," said Violet, joining in the laugh against herself; "how stupid I am!"

This little error being rectified, she found she was able to grasp the oar easily enough.

"Now, then, darling, are you ready?" asked Rose.

"Ye—es, dear, I—I think so," returned Violet, doubtfully.

"All right! On we go, then."

Rose pulled vigorously, and so did her friend. The result was a loud splash, a circular motion on the part of the boat, and Violet's oar floated on the water.

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "I was afraid I should make some dreadful blunder."

"Never mind, Vi, darling," said Rose, good-naturedly. "You can't expect to arrive at perfection at once."

It took a little time to recover the lost oar, and then they commenced again.

This time they succeeded better, and though there was rather more splashing than was necessary, still the boat moved, and if its course was anything but a direct one, still that fact was of minor importance.

Violet was greatly elated at her success.

"Ain't we getting on splendidly, dear?" she exclaimed, as she missed her stroke and drenched herself and her companion with water.

"Oh, capitally!" laughed Rose, as, not in the least discomfited, she shook the drops from her hair. "You're improving very much. Persevere."

Violet, nothing discouraged, did persevere, and the boat began to progress in a more steady course.

"How we shall do!" exclaimed Rose, as she pulled away with all her might. "This is really jolly, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, dear!" panted Violet, no less exultingly. "It's per—er—fectly delightful——"

She stopped abruptly and uttered a cry of terror.

"Oh, look! look, Rose," she almost shrieked. "The water's coming in. We shall be drowned."

Rose observed with dismay that the boat was rapidly filling.

The young girl neither wept nor screamed, but at once commenced feeling with her hand along the bottom of the boat, which was now nearly half full.

But she could detect no flaw or crevice, and the water continued to increase, and they were in the middle of the lake.

Poor Violet looked deadly pale as she glanced piteously at her friend.

"Don't move, darling; pray don't! Sit quite still," counseled Rose, as she bravely continued her researches at the bottom of the boat.

"I will, dear, I will," murmured Violet, tremulously; "but the water is still pouring in, is it not?"

"I am afraid so; and the worst of it is, I can't discover where."

She had scarcely uttered the words when she ejaculated, suddenly, in a tone of delighted surprise:

"Oh, yes, here it is; at least I think so."

She had just encountered a small hole caused by the removal of a knot in the wood, which struck her as the origin of the disaster.

Into this she thrust her finger.

"There," she said, in an assuming tone to Violet; "no water can come in now. I have stopped the leak."

"But the boat is almost full," cried her dismayed companion.

"Yes, dear, I see it is," replied Rose, quietly, "but keep perfectly still, and try and bail it out with your hat."

Violet eagerly did as she was directed; and the hole being stopped by Rose's finger, no more water entered the boat, whilst that which was already there rapidly decreased.

"Bravo!" cried Rose; "we shall make the port yet."

"Thank heaven!" fervently exclaimed Violet.

CHAPTER XX.

A FAIR VISION.

JUST then two young men were strolling in an adjacent wood. One was no other than Theodore Westlake, Milly's brother. He had just by mere chance met his old friend Harry at the railroad-station.

"Well, this is a stroke of fortune," said Harry, "for which I thank the fickle goddess with all my heart."

"And I also," exclaimed his friend, making an impulsive grasp at his hand, and shaking it warmly; "that we should have found each other so easily, and have the opportunity of spending five or six weeks together, is a pleasure that takes a fellow some little time to realize. Well, and how's the governor?"

"Meaning my father, I suppose?"

"Of course—the captain. Is he quite well?"

An expression, something like self-reproach, flitted over the handsome features of Harry Targent as he replied:

"Upon my honor, Dore, I haven't the slightest idea."

"Why, how is that?" asked the other, in surprise.

"Well, the fact is, I've been away for more than six months, and——"

"Been away?" interrupted Theodore; "where?"

"Hang me if I can tell where—anywhere—everywhere. The fact is, I've been trying to find some employment I like."

"And have you succeeded?"

"Not a bit of it. It seems to me a thing not to be arrived at. I tried the sea, didn't like that; enlisted, and had a turn at the army, didn't like that; commenced surgery, didn't like that; had a dip into the law—ugh!—didn't like that; as a last resource, I thought I'd try the drama, and went on the stage, and with no better success. I tell you what, my boy, it's a melancholy fact to contemplate, but it seems to me I don't like anything."

The speaker paused, and with a roguish twinkle in his dark eyes and a serio-comic expression of countenance, contemplated his friend.

Theodore Westlake felt inclined to laugh at the sad state of his chum, but he restrained himself, and said, quietly:

"And what does the captain—your father, I mean—say to all this?"

"Oh, he does nothing but growl at me from morning till night when I'm at home, which being the case, I keep away as much as I possibly can. The fact is, my worthy dad would like me to follow his profession; but as salt-water is one of my antipathies, I positively refused to go afloat, and the consequence is we're on anything but good terms."

"Um, that's a pity," returned Theodore; "the idea of estrangement between father and son seems anything but cheerful. But I suppose you correspond with each other?"

"Not often."

"Indeed?"

"I wrote once to inquire after his health."

"Well, and he answered the letter?"

"Yes; very briefly and explicitly. Told me to go to the——never mind, you understand, and I never wrote again."

"Well, but, Harry," said his friend, "you're not going to keep up this coolness? I'm sure the old man loves you."

"Oh, yes, he loves me fast enough. The fact is, I think he loves me a precious deal too much. If he would only let me be quiet when I'm at home we should get along capitally together, but what with his guns and his crotchets, I can't stand it."

"Then I suppose he doesn't know your whereabouts at this present?"

"Not exactly. If he did he'd be after me like a shot, before many hours were over his head."

"And don't you intend to let him know?"

"Not I, unless you wish to have all our jolly plans upset."

"No, indeed, I don't wish that; because I may not long have the opportunity of being jolly myself."

The tone in which this was spoken was so decidedly serious that it had quite an effect upon Harry Targent.

"What do you mean by not long, Dore?" he asked.

"Why, I mean I'm booked, old fellow."

"Booked! Where—what for?"

"Matrimony, worse luck. Engaged to be married," said Theodore, gravely.

"Oh," returned Harry, in a tone of the deepest commiseration, "that's a settler, then, to everything."

"So I think," said Theodore, with a sigh of resignation; "but then marriage is an operation that we must all perform sooner or later. It's respectable, and that sort of thing, you know."

"Ah, well," Harry replied, sending out a strong puff of smoke; "but it's much too fettering for me."

"What, then, don't you ever intend to marry?"

"I may, perhaps, when I'm about seventy-five, if I live so long, but not before."

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Theodore; "you're joking, Harry."

"Which I'm not," the latter replied; "you'll see. But never mind me. Who is the lady you are going to lead to the altar?"

"Miss Elizabeth Skinner, of Skinner's Pride, Cornwall."

"Oh, you'd just come from there, then, when we met, hadn't you?"

"Yes. Rose is to pay my first visit of ceremony—break the ice—see how I liked the lady—and so on."

"Had neither of you seen each other before, then?"

"No. That is, only through the medium of our *cartes de visite*."

"Why, I thought you said you were engaged to be married?"

"Well, it comes much to the same thing. My father and Mr. Flint Skinner——"

"Flint Skinner! What a nice name!"

"Isn't it? Well, the governor and he are commercially connected, and they have decided that it will be an excellent match—mutual family interests, and that sort of thing—don't you see?"

"And a sort of a girl is Miss Elizabeth?"

"Well, as far as I can judge from the two days I remained at Skinner's Pride, she seems about the average standard—wears a princess dress, a duchess hat, and adopts a few bits plain in addition to her own taste, and sings and plays the piano."

"Is she pretty?"

"Um, ye-es; she's not bad-looking."

"Good-tempered?"

"Well, I wouldn't undertake to swear to that fact, positively."

"And what did she say when you popped the question?"

"My dear fellow, I haven't popped it yet."

"Oh, then you're not finally accepted, after all. All the better. You won't feel yourself so constrained as you otherwise would have done."

"Well, as to that," returned Theodore, "my visit to Cornwall was a kind of preliminary step. Miss Elizabeth is coming shortly—my sister Milly being home for the holidays—to pay me a visit at Ealing, so I shall have to behave myself with all due decorum."

"Ah, well!" exclaimed Harry Targent, "if ever I did marry on this side of seventy it would be because I'd fallen in love and couldn't help myself; but there, I shall never fall in love, and that settles the point at once."

"Ah! you say so," returned his companion; "but you'll alter your mind one of these days."

"Never, never, never——"

Harry paused suddenly in his ejaculations as a clear, ringing shout, uttered by female voices, fell upon his ear.

"What's that?" he exclaimed.

"Some one hurrahing," said Theodore.

"Girls, I think, from the tone," remarked Harry.

"Where are they?"

"On the other side of this wall, I fancy."

Before there was time for any further speculation on this point, the same voices were heard again singing, "Love launched a fairy boat."

"Beautiful! exquisite!" exclaimed the listeners, as the sounds died away.

"Do you know I feel quite curious to have a peep at the fair vocalists?" said Harry Targent, after a moment.

"Well, I'll give you a lift, if you particularly wish it."

"I do, particularly. See, here's an old trunk that will enable us to scale the wall. You'll come, too, won't you?"

"Of course I will," assented Theodore. "Miss Elizabeth is not here to criticise my actions."

At this instant the song was continued, and under the influence of the magical sounds the young men hastily clambered up the tree that stood close to the wall, the summit of which they soon reached.

The lake was distinctly visible between the trees, and they could just catch a glimpse of a boat gliding along its surface with apparently two female figures in it.

"By Jupiter!" cried Harry, excitedly; "they are girls—two of them. Look!"

"Yes, I see," returned Theodore, distractedly; "that's a——one a-piece."

"Oh, you're engaged, old fellow!" laughed Harry, as he dropped over on the park side of the wall.

"So I am; I forgot that," muttered Theodore, as he followed his example.

They ran forward at a sharp pace—the idea that they were trespassing never once entering their heads.

On arriving at the margin of the lake they encountered a vision as unexpected as it was charming.

They had expected to see two girls of some sort or other; but they did not anticipate beholding two elegantly-dressed lovely young ladies such as they then gazed upon.

The operation of bailing out the water had been successfully performed, and Rose had plugged the hole with a corner of her pocket-handkerchief, and the triumphant issue of the circumstance that had at first threatened such fatal consequences had filled the young adventurers with exultation.

They were now approaching the land. Rose had relinquished the oars, and now stood upright in the boat, propelling it toward the bank with the boat-hook.

Violet sat quietly, allowing her more energetic companion to do the work.

Little did the fair excursionists deem that they were the object of so much scrutiny.

"What pretty creatures!" the young men murmured, simultaneously.

"What lovely dark locks!" said Harry to himself, enthusiastically.

"What magnificent golden hair!" exclaimed the candidate for matrimony, under his breath.

At this moment the boat touched the bank.

"Hurrah!" cried Rose Royston; "in port at last!"

Her face, glowing with excitement, lighted up by her brilliant eyes, and the unconstrained and natural grace of her attitude, threw the fastidious Harry into a perfect ecstasy of admiration.

"What a darling she is!" he thought.

The paler features and more timid manner of Violet made an equal impression upon Theodore Westlake, and he murmured:

"What a gentle angel!"

"Come on, Vi!" cried Rose; "give me your hand!"

She stepped hastily across the seats, and the boat lurched so violently that she well-nigh lost her balance.

Violet uttered a cry of alarm, and starting up, clasped her friend.

The action was so sudden, and the danger appeared so imminent, that both Harry and his comrade rushed forward at once to the assistance of the ladies.

"Oh, pray take care! Allow me to help you!" they exclaimed, respectfully, as they grasped the boat to steady it.

The sudden and unlooked-for appearance of the handsome young men, who seemed, from their instantaneous presence, to have started up out of the very ground, was naturally a great surprise, not to say shock, to the fair navigators.

"Oh, pray don't come in!" entreated Violet; "you mustn't, really."

"No, don't," added Rose; "we're all right now, thank you."

At the same time she could not help thinking what a handsome young gentleman the one with the dark eyes was.

Violet was too excited to notice her admirer.

"Don't be offended or alarmed, young ladies," said Harry, deprecatingly; "we feared you were in danger, and we would not for the world have any harm happen to you. Permit my friend and myself to help you out of the boat."

He extended his arm to Rose as he spoke.

If all the fright of the dark-eyed young gentleman had pleased her, the tones of his voice, at once soothing and respectful, completed the charm, and she availed herself of the proffered support.

Leaning on the outstretched arm, Rose sprang lightly to the ground.

Violet being seated in the stern of the boat, it was necessary for Theodore to step across one or two of the seats to reach her.

"Pray, take my hand," he said, gently.

Violet glanced shyly up at the smiling face, and seeing nothing calculated to excite apprehension, and, moreover, having observed that her friend had allowed herself to be assisted, followed her example, and took the hand that was extended toward her.

In a moment she was standing on the bank at Rose's side.

"There!" exclaimed Harry; "you are quite safe now, and I trust you will pardon us for our intrusion."

This extremely humble request quite won the heart of Rose Royston, and she said, with a beaming smile and a blush:

"We think you have behaved very kindly indeed, and we are exceedingly obliged to you."

"Oh, yes," joined in Violet, also blushing, "exceedingly!"

This was altogether so satisfactory that both the gentlemen began to anticipate a most agreeable chat with their fair companions, when, with a startled exclamation of suprise, Rose and Violet beheld a small head pop up out of the long grass.

The head belonged to the faithful Pet, who had drawn himself along the ground like an Indian scout.

"Look out, young ladies!" he whispered, hastily; "the old un's coming!"

Having uttered these words, the page popped down again and became invisible.

"What did he mean?" asked the young men, eagerly. "Who's the—a—old un?"

"I'm afraid you'll see in a moment," Rose murmured, rustily.

She was quite right, for as she spoke the ample form of Mrs. Penelope Hawk came into view, accompanied by Janet Sly.

The grand lady hurried forward, looking very red about the face, and puffing and blowing to an enormous extent.

In order not to lose any time she fixed her stern eyes upon the embarrassed girls and their cavaliers, and glared at them whilst she recovered her breath.

CHAPTER XXI.

ORDERED OFF.

THIS necessary preparation for declamation being duly accomplished, the principal at once proceeded to launch her thunders upon the heads of the culprits.

"Tell me," she exclaimed, in ferocious tones, "what is the meaning of this disgracefully reprehensible conduct? Tell me instantly! I desire to know!"

Rose and Violet remained silent.

"You cannot reply," continued the stern preceptress; "conscious guilt has struck you dumb."

"Beg your pardon, ma'am," returned Rose Royston, whose powers of speech were at once restored by this false accusation, "we are not guilty of anything."

"Not guilty of anything!" gasped Mrs. Hawk, with a terrible inflection of voice. "Did you hear that, Janet?"—she turned to her parasite as she spoke—"I find these girls meeting—of course by clandestine appointment—two—a—persons"—she looked witheringly at the male delinquents as she uttered this word—"who, I suppose, according to the etiquette of society, must be called gentlemen; and Miss Royston has the audacity to assert that she is 'not guilty of anything'!"

"Nor are we, ma'am," reiterated Rose, in no way intimidated. "We made no appointment with these gentlemen."

"No, indeed, madam," protested Harry and his companion.

But Mrs. Hawk was incredulous.

"Oh, of course," she replied, ironically, "you will screen your accomplices; but you will please to understand, sirs, that you are addressing a—a lady of extensive experience, who——"

"But, madam," interrupted Harry Targent, "allow me to suggest at the same time that you are addressing gentlemen who are not in the habit of uttering deliberate falsehoods."

The lips of the principal curled sneeringly at this assertion; and Theodore Westlake now joined in.

"These young ladies are not in the least to blame in this matter, I assure you, madam," he said, earnestly.

"Who, then, is to blame, pray?" demanded the preceptress, sternly.

"We are," was the young gentleman's reply.

"Um! very candid indeed—almighty so!" exclaimed the principal, sarcastically. "Perhaps, then, you can, with equal candor, elucidate the mystery of a certain musk-scented note, written on pink paper which was thrown over my wall a month ago."

Of course the "pink atrocity" was as great a mystery to them as the inquirer herself.

"We know nothing whatever, madam, of the circumstance you allude to," they replied.

"Um!" cried Mrs. Hawk, in a tone that proved she was by no means convinced.

"The fact is," continued Harry, "we were out on a ramble, and passing along the lane that skirts this park, tempted by the beauty of the grand old trees whose branches extended over the wall, we took the liberty of clambering over at the peril of being seized upon as trespassers."

"Well, sirs, then having enjoyed the 'prospect,' why did you not at once retire?"

"We were just about to do so," Harry explained, "when we caught a glimpse of these young ladies gliding along in a boat."

"Gliding along in a boat!" exclaimed Mrs. Hawk, in a tone of horror. "Is it possible you have dared to venture upon the water?"

"Yes, ma'am," returned Rose, quietly; "we have."

"Well, of all the instances of insubordination I ever met with, this overtops all!" cried the mistress, holding up her hands, hopelessly.

Her eyes at this moment fell upon the skirts of her pupils' dresses that were drenched and draggled with water.

"Why," she cried, "what is this? Your dresses are completely soaked."

"The boat sprung a leak, and the water came in, ma'am," replied Rose, with simple candor.

"Good gracious, how terrible!—lives might have been sacrificed! Lives for which I am responsible!" exclaimed the shocked lady.

"Oh, there was no harm done," Rose answered, in a tone of much satisfaction. Violet balled out the water in her hat."

"In her hat!" echoed the principal, in a species of horror; "worse and worse! What will be the next fearful revelation, I wonder!"

"The worst that can be told," interposed Harry Targent, "is that when the boat reached the bank, we offered our arms to the young ladies to assist them to land. This is the head and front of our offence."

"Yes, ma'am," acquiesced Rose; "and the extent of our guilt is that we availed ourselves of the offers, and had just landed when you arrived."

Mrs. Hawk turned up her eyes, and in a tone of the most devout thankfulness, exclaimed:

"What a mercy I did arrive! How grateful I ought to be that I have one at least in my establishment who is ever attentive to my interest; one whose watchful eyes observed the imminent peril, and whose faithful voice sounded the alarm, and brought me here in time to rescue the young and unwary from the grasp of the wicked and designing."

She threw a grateful glance at Janet Sly, who received the compliment with a solemn seriousness worthy the occasion, and then turned to the young gentlemen.

"As for you," she continued, "I desire you will instantly be gone, and never again dare to intrude upon my premises."

"But, my dear madam," they exclaimed, a little impatiently at the obstinacy of the schoolmistress, "you surely do not imagine——"

"I imagine nothing, sirs," snapped Mrs. Hawk. "All I desire is that you will depart by the same way you came, over the wall; and if ever I find you trespassing upon my grounds again, I shall seek legal protection against such unwarrantable intrusion."

The imperial lady pointed grandly toward the wall, and the young gentlemen, feeling the task of convincing her of the innocence of their motives perfectly hopeless, bowed courteously to Rose and Violet, and turning away, bent their steps toward it.

The young girls looked wistfully after their gallant cavaliers, and thought they were very hardly used, but there was no way of helping them; whilst Harry and Theodore, feeling the necessity of departure, clambered up the ivy-grown wall, and as a crowning act of audacity waved their hands (they would have liked to have kissed them had they dared) to their fair but slight acquaintances, and dropped over into the lane on the other side.

Having put the indolious monsters to flight, the principal turned to her pupils.

"You will accompany me at once to the house," she said, in a sternly imperative tone. "Walk before me, and then I can keep watch over your actions."

There was no way of resisting this mandate, so the young girls obeyed, and went on ahead, Mrs. Hawk and her faithful spy, Janet, bringing up the rear.

After they had left and were out of sight, Pet, the active and industrious, remained rooted to the spot.

When he hurried to warn Rose and Violet of the approach of Mrs. Hawk, he little anticipated finding them accompanied by two handsome strangers.

The susceptible heart of the youthful page had been smitten by the charms of Violet, and he felt himself for the twenty-first time in his short existence the smallest and most blighted of beings.

"Oo'd 'e' thought o' makin' such a disturvy as this?" he soliloquized; "late's agin me; it allays is agin me! Charlotte, Milly, Constance, all was faith-

less. But, oh! I did think Violet 'ud a bin true to 'er Pet! Arter the sacrifices I've made on 'er account, too! th' way in which I've cleaned 'er knife an' fork, an' th' hextra polish I've put on 'er boots ever since she come 'ere, to say nothink o' the lumps o' fat I've got rid of for 'er on biled mutton days, an' then to find 'er a talkin' to a young swell in th' shadders o' th' forest is a blow to a fellow, it is! I s'pose 'e's some bloated haristercrat, or other. But let 'im beware! there ain't much of me, but what ther is is orful when it's roused; an' if I find 'im a-crossin' my path, let 'im——"

He broke off suddenly as a rustling sound caught his ears.

"What's that?" he ejaculated, as he looked round.

The answer came almost immediately in the shape of a couple of heads that appeared over the top of the wall.

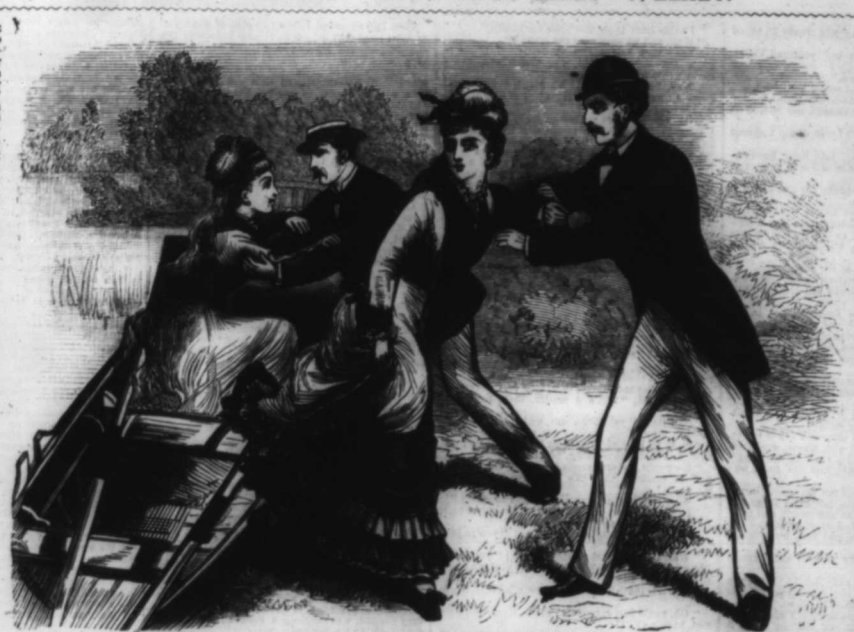
Pet clinched his teeth and sprang behind a tree.

"It's them haristercrats agin!" he muttered to himself, despairingly, "an' me 'ere without even a stone or a brickbat to shy at 'em as they gets over. Never mind! I'll keep my eye upon 'em, an' p'raps, when it's too late, they'll wish they'd a-stopped in th' lane."

Finding the coast clear the young men, unconscious of being watched, clambered over, and for the second time, in spite of Mrs. Hawk's injunctions, were trespassing upon her domains.

With evident caution they went forward in a reconnoitring manner.

Pet, with his nerves all ajar, followed at a distance.



WILD ROSE AND VIOLET.—"LEANING ON THE OUTSTRETCHED ARM, ROSE SPRANG LIGHTLY TO THE GROUND. VIOLET BEING SEATED IN THE STERN OF THE BOAT, IT WAS NECESSARY FOR THEODORE TO STEP ACROSS ONE OR TWO OF THE SEATS TO REACH HER."—SEE PAGE 123.

CHAPTER XXII.

THROUGH THE BARS.

AS soon as Mrs. Penelope Hawk reached the house with her charges, that vigilant and cautious matron, in order to put their further safety beyond a doubt, conducted them to the schoolroom, in which, after a few impressive remarks, she locked them up, and left them to their own reflections.

The young girls looked at one another for an instant after the principal had departed, as if they were trying to read each other's thoughts.

Perhaps they had an inward presentiment that such was the case, for after a few seconds of this scrutiny they burst simultaneously into a hearty laugh.

"Oh!" exclaimed Violet, in an apprehensive whisper; "what shall we do if Mrs. Hawk should hear us?"

"I shouldn't mind if she did," returned Rose, boldly; "does she suppose that we are going to submit to being locked up like this during holiday time? if she does she's mistaken. I don't intend to stand it, and I hope you won't, either. But never mind that, just for the present. What do you think of our morning's adventure?"

"Oh, I think it was capital fun," replied Violet, "and—a—a——"

"Yes,"

"The—the young gentlemen."

"What do you think of them?"

"I think they were very nice," said Violet, a little timidly.

"So do I, very!" echoed her friend, decidedly. "I think they were very nice fellows, indeed, and I'm sure all our club would have thought so too, had they been there."

"What a pity it was that Mrs. Hawk came up just when she did, wasn't it?" said Violet, regretfully.

"Oh, she's a perfect old nuisance," exclaimed Rose, impatiently; "and as for that sneaking Janet Sly, she's well named, she ought to be condemned to old-maidism for the term of her natural life."

"I think she is. I can't fancy any one falling in love with her," Violet replied.

"No; that's just how it is," said Rose; "she can't get a sweetheart herself, and she's jealous lest any one else should."

"Would you have liked either of these young gentlemen for your sweetheart, dear?" asked Violet.

"Would you?" asked Rose.

"I want you to answer my question first," Violet said.

"And I want you to answer mine."

"Well, then, I think I should," returned Violet, with a little hesitation and a slight blush.

"So should I," unhesitatingly replied her friend.

"Which of the two should you prefer if you had your choice?" asked Violet, rather anxiously.

Rose looked at her for an instant, searchingly, and then smilingly answered:

"The dark one. And you?"

"The fair one," replied Violet, smiling in her turn.

"That's right," Rose remarked; "how lucky it is we don't both take a fancy to the same one, isn't it? Now we shall never be jealous of each other."

"I don't think I should ever be jealous of you, darling," said Violet, tenderly.

"Nor I of you, Vi, dear," returned Rose. "I was only in jest. Why, if I thought you were breaking your heart about any sweetheart of mine I'd give him up to you directly."

"Ah, but you're so kind," exclaimed her friend, giving her an affectionate kiss; "but," she continued, returning to the old subject, "do you think we shall ever see those young gentlemen again?"

"Not if we're to be immured in this old schoolroom," replied Rose. "We can see nothing here but the four quarters of the globe, and we've had enough of them, haven't we?"

"Quite," said Violet, and then, stimulated by a desire for freedom, she added:

"Can't we get out?"

"I should think so," said Rose, delighted at the increased boldness of her friend; "have you forgotten that afternoon when I broke out of prison, eh?"

Rose Royston laughed one of her most buoyant, ringing laughs as she recalled this feat, and Violet laughed, too, as she replied:

"Oh, no, dear, I haven't forgotten, nor how frightened I was on your account. I thought you would never have got through the bars."

"Ah, well, you'll have more confidence next time, wont you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Come on, then, and as a preliminary step, up goes the window."

As Rose spoke she mounted a form and pushed it up.

"Now, then, the stool."

The stool was placed quickly on the form in a proper position.

"Shall I get up and see if the coast's clear?" asked Violet, who seemed inspired with the desire of doing something worthy of a Jolly Girl.

"Yes, if you like, dear. Mind you don't fall."

Violet, without hesitation, mounted on to the form, and clambered from thence to the stool, which her friend held firmly. But she had scarcely time to glance through the bars, when, with an exclamation of alarm and a scared face, she descended again with the utmost precipitation.

"What's the matter?" eagerly inquired Rose.

"Sh! sh! they're there!" whispered Violet, tremulously.

"What, Mrs. Hawk and Janet?"

"N—o! the—the two young gentlemen!" exclaimed Violet, in perfect consternation.

"Oh, my!" ejaculated Rose, catching a little of her companion's dismay; "whatever do they want here?"

"I'm sure I don't know," murmured her companion, turning from white to red and from red to white with excitement.

The adventurers without did not give the young girls much time to ventilate, for the next moment their voices ejaculated, in a cautious tone:

"Hist! hist!"

"We'd better speak to them," suggested Rose, "or else perhaps they'll be throwing stones or gravel at the window. Come on; we'll both get up together."

"There's one comfort, they can't get through the bars to us, can they?"

And, with this assuring reflection, the two friends stepped up on to the temporary little platform, and revealed their glowing faces, half bashful, half pleased, to the admiring eyes of Harry and Theodore, who sat perched, *vis-à-vis*, on the top of the playground palings.

They were near enough to be able to hold an audible conversation without raising their voices beyond the usual key, and Theodore opened the conference by saying, apologetically:

"You will, I hope, pardon us for venturing thus far after the positive commands we received from your—I really am not certain of the relationship—grandmamma, I presume; but we could not make up our minds to depart without apologising for the unpleasant position in which our imprudent conduct placed you. We are very sorry."

"Oh, very, indeed," joined in Henry Targent, penitently.

"And you prove your sorrow by coming here to get us into a greater pickle than ever?" said Rose, with a mischievous smile.

"You are not angry, I trust?" asked Theodore Westlake, directing his question particularly to Violet.

"Oh, no, not angry in the least," she replied, smiling and blushing in the prettiest way in the world.

"Nor you, I hope?" inquired Harry, of Rose.

"Well, not particularly," she answered, with a bright smile, and a flash from her saucy brown eyes that at once relieved her questioner from all anxiety on that point: "but if our 'grandmamma' was to see you she'd be quite furious, and we should be kept under lock and key for the rest of our lives."

"She wouldn't, surely, be so harsh as that?"

"Oh, wouldn't she, though!" returned the young girls. "We're prisoners at this moment, entirely on your account."

"Is it possible?"

"It's a fact. We're locked in here as a punishment."

"What barbarity!" exclaimed the young men, indignantly. "We will release you! To shut up two such ornaments to society is a scandal to the age in which we live."

And in the excitement of the moment the chivalrous enthusiasts dropped from the top of the palings on to the ground beneath and approached the window.

"Oh, don't! pray don't!" exclaimed Violet, who already in her excited imagination saw the two determined voices struggling between the bars in their desperate efforts to get inside; "you mustn't, indeed!"

"Oh, pray, don't be alarmed," repeated Theodore.

"We're alarmed on your account," said Rose. "If you are discovered they might set the dog at you, and then you'd be torn to pieces."

"Oh, never mind the dog!" exclaimed Harry, defiantly; "we'll chance that. What can he do to set you at liberty?"

"Nothing, at least to-day," answered Rose; "to-morrow, probably, we shall be released."

"And I suppose you will visit the lake again soon, won't you?" asked the young gentlemen.

There was a considerable deal of entreaty in this question, to which Rose replied:

"We're forbidden."

"Ah, yes, exactly," returned Harry, smilingly; "for a day or so, I suppose; but after that you will enjoy your water excursions as usual?"

"If you would promise never to come there again we might," replied Violet, with much *naïveté*.

"But you would not enforce such a promise as that?" pleaded Harry, throwing the full power of his dark eyes upward at Rose; "never is such a long time."

"So it is, certainly," she admitted; "well, then, we won't insist on your keeping away for ever," she continued, after a moment's reflection; "I'll tell you how we'll arrange it. You must make up your minds on which days you intend to pay your visits, and then on those days we will not come near. That will answer admirably, won't it?"

This proposition, excellent as it might be, did not appear to coincide at all with the views of the young gentlemen, and as there was a peculiar tone in Rose's voice as she made it, and a mischievous smile lurking round her mouth and in her eyes, Harry and Theodore began to imagine she was not in earnest.

"You are joking," said the former to her.

"Am I?"

"I think you must be."

"Why?"

"You look as if you were. Besides, the expression of your eyes and the tone of your voice do not seem to belong to a hard heart."

"Oh, no, that they don't!" exclaimed Rose, quickly; "whatever else I may be, I'm sure I'm not hard-hearted."

"I'm sure of that, too," said Harry, "and therefore——"

"Well, I'll relent, then," said Rose, with a smile,

LARRY DOOLAN'S TIGER HUNT.—"HE TURNED AND BOLTED UP THE ROAD, CALLING ON ALL THE SAINTS TO PROTECT HIM, WHILST WE NEARLY DIED WITH LAUGHTER."—SEE PAGE 122.

"and you may come and look at us from the top of the wall for five minutes every day, if you like, except Sundays."

"But you must never get over," stipulated Violet, with a seriousness that was quite comic.

"Oh, of course not," replied the young men, humoring what seemed to them an excellent joke.

"And now," said Rose, persuasively, "I really think you'd better go."

"Well, since you have given us hopes that we may meet again——"

"You mean see each other again at a distance," said Violet.

"Ay, yes, I forgot; see each other at a distance soon. We can better endure a temporary separation. Good-by!"

"Good-by!"

"You'll shake hands, won't you?" asked the young gentlemen.

"If we can reach we will," the young girls answered.

The combined efforts of the parties concerned accomplished this simple operation, and I am not quite certain when Rose and Violet had their hands once more to themselves that they did not find the impress of several fervent kisses on them.

"Adieu, once more," exclaimed Harry, sentimentally; "I leave my heart behind me."

"If you take mine in return; exchange, you know, is no robbery, is it?" said Rose, with a smile.

"Are you in earnest, dear girl?" asked Harry Targent, in a low, impassioned tone, as he tried to read the depths of her bright eyes.

Rose only smiled and blushed, and without replying to his earnest inquiry, repeated her former leave-taking.

"Good-by!"

"Good-by!" said Theodore once more to Violet.

In another moment the adventurers had scaled the palings and were making their way back across the meadows.

"Ain't they dear fellows?" exclaimed the young girls, in a whirl of delight, as the first dawn of love's sweet romance began to break over their young horizon; "oh, yes, they are! they are!" they said, answering their own question.

"Especially the dark one!" added Rose to herself.

"Especially the fair one!" added Violet to herself.

That night our young heroines may be pardoned if in the fanciful scenes of dreamland they wandered in flowery glades and floated on a silvery tide in their fairy boat which love launched, rowed by two handsome young oarsmen, the very *fac-simile* of the "dear fellows" previously alluded to.

The dear fellows themselves, full of exultation at having attained the much-desired interview with the young beauties, who had so impressed them, hurried along as quickly as possible, keeping as much out of sight as they could, toward the boundary-wall.

Of course their minds were full of the fair objects they had so lately gazed upon, and made no effort to conceal their admiration.

"They're a pair of angels!" they exclaimed.

"That dark little gypsy's the prettiest creature I ever saw in my life," protested Henry.

"And I don't mind confessing to you," said Theodore, "that I never felt more impressed with a girl in my life than I am by that pretty golden-haired darling."

"Ah!" ejaculated Harry, thoughtfully, "what a pity they're engaged, isn't it?"

His friend, in his enthusiasm, had entirely forgotten his matrimonial plans, and Harry's remark appeared very much like arousing him from a delightful dream to an unpleasant reality.

"Um!" he murmured, thoughtfully, to himself. "I'd rather have that charming little——" golden hair' for my wife than any girl I ever met. I've half a mind to——"

Theodore Westlake did not finish his mental soliloquy.

A light, hasty footstep behind him caused him to turn.

To his astonishment he beheld the small page hurrying toward him.

He and his companion paused, until the actively industrious youth—very much out of breath—caught them up.

"I've—got a—word—to say—to—you—two gents," he gasped, in a disjointed manner.

"What is it, my youthful buttons?" asked Theodore, good-naturedly; "any message?"

The personal remark and the allusion to a "message" was daggers to the heart of the page, who replied, with a clouded brow, and in a sullen tone:

"No. There ain't no message except what I'm goin' to deliver on my own account."

There was a sternness about the youth, and a doggedness in his manner, that impressed those he addressed, and caused them to ask:

"Is anything the matter?"

"Yes," returned the page, gloomily, "there's a good deal the matter."

"What is it?"

"Well, it's this," replied the small individual. "I've been a-watchin' your goin's on over the pale'n's, an' I feels it my duty to tell you, wi' respect to them young ladies, as I've set my affections on the *fair* un, an' I can't allow no trifling in that quarter."

The youth rested his hands on his hips and looked up at his rival with immense determination.

For an instant the young gentlemen looked down upon him in silent astonishment, and then burst into a fit of laughter.

Nothing abashed at this demonstration, Pat maintained his position with admirable firmness, and Theodore, humoring the joke, replied:

"I was not aware that you had any prepossession in favor of the young lady you refer to; but now I am acquainted with the fact I shall certainly be more guarded in my conduct for the future."

"That'll do," responded the page, condescendingly; "under that condition I forgives you, but don't do it again."

"Certainly not. Have you anything further to remark?"

"Nothink."

"Then I wish you good day, Mr.—— a—I haven't the pleasure of knowing your name."

"Pat—short for Peter—Pippins."

"Mr. Short Peter Pippins, good-afternoon."

"Adoo," responded Peter.

The young men raised their hats with profound gravity, and departed, laughing heartily at the rich piece of burlesque to which the infatuated little page had just treated them.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A DARING RESOLVE.

ON the following morning the postman brought several letters to Meditation House.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, THE HERO OF THE SEPOY WAR.—SEE PAGE 126.

Of these one was for Rose and Violet, jointly, from Constance Grey; and the other for Violet alone, from her aunt, Mrs. Flint Skinner.

As the young girls stood holding the letters in their hands it became a question which they should open first.

"I think we'll read the one that promises to be more pleasant," suggested Rose.

"Very well, dear," acquiesced her friend.

Their schoolfellow's letter was hastily opened, and was found to be written in Constance's most approved off-hand style. It ran thus:

"DEAREST AND JOLLIEST.—It's all right! The moment I made my request to papa, who is the very prince of obedient parents, about you, he said 'Yes, by all means; send for half the school, if you like. The more the merrier!' I therefore, in his name, dears, write you both to come directly—the sooner the better—to stop as long as you please. I write by this post to the 'ancient lady with the—ahem—crooked nose' requesting permission. I am sure she cannot refuse. Expecting to see you very speedily, yours lovingly, CONSTANCE."

"P. S.—On second thoughts, I'll get papa to let me have the barouche, and come and fetch you in *propria persona*."

"Oh, how delightful! What a dear girl Constance is, and how very kind of her papa to allow her to invite us!" exclaimed our young heroines, joyously, as they finished the brief but warm-hearted epistle.

"Oh, but stay!" suddenly ejaculated Violet; "there is this letter to read yet."

Her fair countenance clouded over with apprehension, lest her aunt's communication should contain an invitation to Skinner's Pride, Cornwall.

"I may as well know the worst at once," she added, as she tore open the envelope. The letter was written in the usual frigid tone that her aunt invariably used toward her, but its contents soon dispelled all Violet's anxiety on that point at least.

After a few introductory remarks it went on to say:

"It is with satisfaction I hear from your preceptress that you are making a steady advance in the various branches of the studies in which you are engaged, but more especially that you are gradually displaying a greater moral firmness.

"Of course, I need not remind you that this last quality is a most important desideratum for all who are destined to earn their own living, and who are called upon to do battle with the world in the exercise of their vocations; as this will be your case, I trust for your own sake this firmness of character will increase.

"It will be impossible for us to receive you at Skinner's Pride this Summer. My daughter Elizabeth, being engaged to a gentleman of good family and great expectations, will be away on a visit to his family in London; and as there would be no society for you at our country residence, Mr. Flint Skinner has arranged with Mrs. Hawk for your sojourn at Meditation House for the vacation.

"I trust you will not altogether neglect your studies. You have not yet had the advantage of seeing your cousin Elizabeth, or I should recommend her for special imitation. She is essentially ladylike, a girl of wonderful strength of mind and immensely *distingué* and stylish in her manner. I cannot better conclude than by wishing you some of her qualifications.

"Your well-wisher,

"SOPHIA ELIZABETH SKINNER."

The icy chilliness of this communication had no other effect upon Violet than to make her clasp her hands joyously as she concluded it, and exclaim, in tones of the most heartfelt thankfulness:

"Oh, I'm so glad I'm not going to Skinner's Pride! Now we shall be happy."

"Shan't we?" asked Rose; "oh, what a glorious time we shall have of it!"

The two friends, in the extent of their delight, threw their arms around each other's necks in a perfect ecstasy.

It was just at this moment the door of the schoolroom in which they then were opened, and Mrs. Hawk, followed by Anne Drudger, who had also received an invitation from one of her young pupils to spend the vacation with her, and even ready dressed for her departure, entered.

There was a strange expression on the face of the principal that foreboded something unpleasant, and she held in her hand an open letter that looked ominously suggestive.

Having uttered a preliminary and startling "ahem!" she addressed her young charges, who anxiously awaited what was coming.

"I have this morning, young ladies," she said, "received a communication from your schoolfellow, Constance Grey. She writes with her papa's permission to invite you to pay her a visit during the vacation."

"Oh, do let us go!" exclaimed the friends, eagerly.

Mrs. Penelope noted, through her gold-rimmed spectacles, the trembling anxiety her pupils were enduring, and rejoiced that she had now a grand opportunity of giving them a very powerful moral lesson.

"Had you behaved yourselves," she replied, in an intensely deep tone, "I might have consented. Had you conducted yourselves with becoming propriety, it is probable I might have regarded Miss Grey's request in a favorable light, but——"

Oh, that awful "but!" It fell on the ears of the trembling listeners like the death-knell of hope.

"But," she repeated, with cruel emphasis, "since you have thought proper to transgress my commands, to adopt a course of conduct entirely antagonistic to my high principles, and to scandalize my teaching and example by your flagrant proceedings, I feel it my duty most definitely and unhesitatingly to say no!"

The crushing monosyllable fell upon the ears of the poor girls like a thunder-clap.

But Rose Royston quickly recovered herself, and unwilling to relinquish the bright prospects she had formed without a struggle, she said:

"Indeed, madam, we were not aware that we were transgressing so terribly. It being holiday times, we thought we might——"

"Silence, miss!" interrupted Mrs. Hawk.

"No, ma'am, we didn't know, indeed!" pleaded Violet, in a kind of paroxysm of desperation.

But she was suddenly checked by the principal.

"Silence, I repeat!" she cried, fiercely; "and don't presume to argue. I will not be argued with."

Anne Drudger, with her calm, pale face, looked with real commiseration upon the disappointed girls. The poor, lame teacher had a warm, loving, womanly heart in her bosom, which had not been warped or rendered selfish either by her own afflictions or the coldness of the world in which she often felt herself so lonely and uncared for; and in the sympathy of her kindly nature she could not help adding her entreaties to those of the young petitioners.

"Suffer me to plead in their behalf, madam," she said, earnestly, but respectfully, to the principal; "if they have offended I am sure they are sorry for their fault, and will not offend again."

"No, Miss Drudger," returned the unbending matron; "I can listen to no pleadings, neither will I be interfered with. Of course, everyone is sorry for their faults when they are punished for them. And since these young ladies have enjoyed the sinful pleasure of disobedience they must now be prepared to endure the bitter consequences. I am only surprised that a woman of your years and experience should seek to extenuate their conduct, and think you would act more in accordance with your duty if you endeavored to point out to them the strict propriety and justice of my decree."

And with these words Mrs. Penelope Hawk sailed grandly out of the room.

The brow-beaten Anne Drudger stood looking silently at the young girls, the sad, earnest look in her face revealing the sympathy she felt.

Poor Violet, in spite of the incressed strength of mind she was supposed to have acquired, was quite heartbroken at her bitter disappointment, and could not restrain her tears.

Rose, though flushed and indignant, did not weep.

"Don't cry, dear!" she exclaimed. "I wouldn't. Mrs. Hawk's an unfeeling, selfish old brute!"

"Oh, 'sh, 'sh, my dear! You shouldn't use such expressions," said the teacher, in a gentle tone of reproof. They can do no good."

"I know that, but I can't help it, dear Miss Drudger," cried Rose, vehemently; and then, as though the kind words and manner of the speaker had unloosed the stream which harshness had frozen into ice, her own tears burst forth in a torrent, and flowed impetuously.

"I should never think of speaking so of you," she continued, in a voice broken by sobs. "I love you, every one loves you, because you are kind and gentle, and quite different from Mrs. Hawk, with her large cruel eyes that look as if they would swallow us if they could. She hasn't the least bit of feeling. I don't believe she ever was a girl herself, but always as she is now—a cross-grained, ugly ogress of an old woman.

And with this the overcharged heart of the speaker felt relieved, and her tears immediately ceased.

Anne Drudger, by an involuntary impulse, had drawn the young girls to her.

"There, there," she said, soothingly to them, "you are better now, I can see; and you will endeavor to subdue your angry thoughts, will you not, my dears?"

"Y-e-s," sobbed Violet.

"But it is very hard, though," said Rose.

"Perhaps so," returned Miss Drudger; "it often is very hard to do what is right; but we must try, nevertheless, with Heaven's help; and you must remember that Mrs. Hawk is responsible for your conduct and safety, and that she would naturally be greatly displeased and alarmed at seeing you in the company of two strange gentlemen."

"Did she tell you all about it, then?" asked Rose and Violet, together.

"Yes; and it seemed to me rather alarming as she described it," said Anne Drudger.

"Ah, as she described it," repeated Rose, with emphasis: "you have only heard her version of our dreadful crime. Will you let me tell you just everything that happened?"

"Willingly," assented the kind teacher; "I should be glad to hear."

TALKS WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—THE EXHIBITION BUILDING, CAPETOWN.—SEE PAGE 126.

Rose Royston then gave the tender-hearted woman an exact account of the entire adventure of herself and friend.

When she ended Miss Drudger smiled lovingly, as she said:

"I quite acquit you. You are not the reckless offenders I was led to suppose, and I confess I think your punishment far exceeds your offense."

"You know, dear Miss Anne," said Violet, "it was not we who spoke to the gentlemen; they spoke to us—they would speak. It isn't as if they had been our sweethearts, or anything of that sort."

"But even if they had been," interposed Rose, "would it have been so very dreadful? All young girls have sweethearts, don't they? Constance Grey says they do—that is, if they can get them."

Anne Drudger smiled.

"I will not contradict Miss Grey's opinion," she replied, "at the same time I may remark that young ladies are usually supposed to go to school for the purpose of cultivating their minds rather than securing sweethearts or acquiring the art of love-making. It will be, in my opinion, quite early enough to learn that after they have finished their education."

The pale face of the teacher kindled into positive beauty, with a transient flush.

The young girls watched her in silence, and almost with reverence.

Suddenly the teacher started from her reverie.

"I was thinking, my dears," she said, "of happy days long gone by, and when I do so I am apt to forget where I am."

Violet hesitated for an instant, then said:

"You have loved, haven't you?"

"I have," replied Anne Drudger, "not only loved, but I have been married."

"And—and were you happy?" Rose inquired.

"Yes, for a time. But my wedded life was not all sunshine. It was bright at first, but gradually the clouds gathered, until—when my husband deserted me—a deep gloom fell upon my path, and for some years I walked almost in darkness."

"And did you never see him again? Did he not come back to you?" asked Violet, pityingly.

"Oh, yes; after some years he returned, broken down in fortune and in health. His course was almost run, and he then sought one he knew would not reproach him, and on whose bosom he could rest his weary head in peace."

"And did he die?" Rose inquired, in a subdued tone.

"Yes; and in these arms the poor penitent expired. But he died entreating my forgiveness, and loving and blessing me to the last."

The poor woman bowed her head for a moment, and a few tears trickled down her pale cheeks.

Her interested and sympathizing listeners threw their arms round her.

Just then the page came to inform her that the vehicle had arrived for her.

"Good-by, my loves!" said Anne Drudger; "God bless you!"

"God bless you! dear Miss Anne!" they replied, warmly.

The presence of this amiable woman had had a healing and soothing effect upon the tempers of our heroines.

But now she was gone, and the sense of their disappointment revived with increased bitterness.

Suddenly Rose Royston started up.

"We've done nothing to merit being shut up like this, and I'm determined not to submit to it, and since Mrs. Hawk refuses permission to accept our friend's invitation I shall go without it."

"You will?" almost gasped Violet.

"I will; and so shall you. You'll come, won't you, dear?"

Violet's more timid nature recoiled a little at this daring proposal, but after a moment she replied:

"Yes, darling; we'll both go together."

(To be continued.)

"Will Rose and Violet" was commenced in No. 444.

WONDERFUL WALKING.

IN these days, feverish with pedestrian excitement, the following statement of facts and feats, which occurred over one hundred years ago, are of special interest:

Foster Powell was an Englishman, born in 1734. When thirty years of age he walked over the Bath road fifty miles in seven hours, running the first ten miles. This was better time than was made by either O'Leary or Campana during their walk in New York. In 1773 Powell walked from London to York and back, a distance of four hundred miles, in five days and eighteen hours. In 1778, just one hundred years ago, the man attempted to run two miles in ten minutes, but failed by only thirty seconds. He was at this time forty-four years of age. In 1786 he walked a match on the Bath road, one hundred miles in twenty-four hours. He won in twenty-three and a quarter hours.

In 1787 Powell walked from Canterbury to London, one hundred and twelve miles, in twenty-four hours. In 1788 he again walked from London to York and return, four hundred miles, in five days fifteen and a quarter hours, being the best time in which he had ever accomplished that distance. In the same year he walked six miles in fifty-five and a half minutes; also, in the same year, he wagered to walk one mile and run the next in fifteen minutes. He walked the mile in nine minutes and twenty seconds, and ran the other in five minutes and twenty-three seconds, thus winning by seventeen seconds. In person Powell was tall and thin, being five feet and ten inches in height. He was powerfully built in his hips and legs, and was sallow in his complexion. He never slept but five hours each night. This truly wonderful walker died on the 15th of April, 1793, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

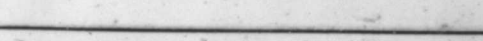
EASY LESSONS IN PHONOGRAPHY, OR SHORT-HAND.

YOU have a first-rate chance for practice in your every-day schools, public and private; that is, you can use the big blackboard and chalk during recess, or before or after school-hours. Besides, the beautiful, mysterious, puzzling signs will excite the curiosity and admiration of your fellow schoolmates, and perhaps induce your teachers to inquire into the subject, and to order the necessary books, and introduce short-hand into their schoolrooms as a regular branch of study. Practice in this way all the time you can spare, on the alphabet, then the joined letters, then the joined letters with the long vowels, then with both long and short vowels, then make up new words as fast as you can until you can write what you have been all over without stopping to think much of how you must write.

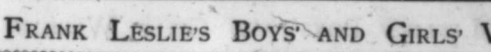
You had also better review every week the previous week's lessons before you take up the new one. Be thorough—familiar—well acquainted—with your short-hand company as you go along together.

Supposing that you have learned all the past lessons, we now give you the

DIPTHONGS.



Sound of I oi ou u.
My boy bows (to) Sue
as in



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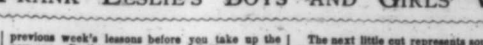
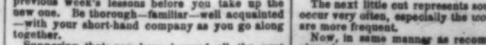
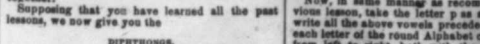


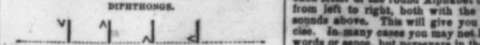
nigh high spice spies Silas



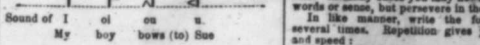
boy boys voice alloy annoy spoil



bow boughs vow mouse allow endow



owl row arouse ounce cow



pew amuse shoes news accuse

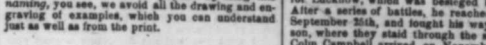
In like manner write the following words (from Graham's list): Vie, vice, vices, mice, tie, ties, entice, entices, die, dye, dies, sigh, sighs, ally, rye, arises, nice, spy, spices, sky, sly, slice, slices, eyes (i-zes), ice (i-es), sight, side, sign. Annoys, noises, choices. Bough, dow, allows, rouse, rouses, arouses, ounces, cows, house, houses, south, sour. Abuse, abuses, fuse, mow, amuses, dew, dus (same), adieu, adduce, chews and chooses, juices, Jews, new, suit (not Ew) Tee), stew. It is easier to memorize the sounds of the diphthongs by the sentence above than by different and disconnected words.

These signs have a place, like the single vowels, either first, second, or third, whether placed before, or after, at the beginning, in the middle, or at the end of a letter. Copy, and read aloud as you write the above examples; but do not simply copy them without you know how and why the signs mean what they read. Observe closely the angles of the diphthong signs, whether downward, upward, to the left, at the top, or bottom. We might give you, in this lesson, much more to study, but it is best not to try to do too much all at once. If you learn these perfectly, you can exercise yourself in making other words like them from your school-books.

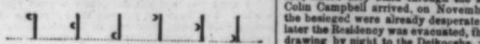
You will notice a difference is made between the S and Z sign, by making the Z circle a little heavier than the S circle. Two short-hand signs may be written entirely alike with this exception, and have different meanings.

The double Ies adds another S to a single S, and is called sis, ses, sus, or ses, according to the sounds of the word you are writing, oftener ses, and is made twice the size of the single S circle, as in rise (Ray Ise), rises (Ray Sis), vices (Vee Ses), entices (En Tee Ses), arises (Ar [not Ray] Ses), spices (Is Pee Ses), slices (Ies Lay Ses), voices (Vee Ses), noises (En Ses), and as in some of the above words.

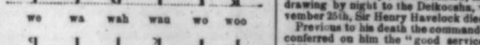
If you have forgotten what we call the nomenclature, or describing of the letters (as just given in parenthesis), refer to the first nut of the alphabet in previous number of the paper. By using this *naming*, you see, we avoid all the drawing and engraving of examples, which you can understand just as well as from the print.



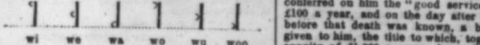
wo wa wah wau wo woo



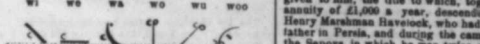
wi we wa wo wu woo



web wig wavy sweet switch swallow



win wool willow wore walk



wi woi woo

Examples: wine quoit wound

From the above tables you will notice that the sounds, in their order and power, resemble the ordinary long or short vowels, and also the diphthongs, only with the addition of W before them. Instead of o, a, ah, au, o, oo, it is we, wa, wah, wau, wo, woo, etc. It would be well for you to repeat these sounds of the long and short vowels, and this table with the *W*, constantly in succession, until you have the sounds familiar, and in order, just like your common alphabet. Most scholars have some trouble in learning the difference between the third place long vowel and the first place vowel of the last half of the vowel scale; this is, in forming words, they have some difficulty in distinguishing the sound of Ah from the sound Au. Be careful of this.

You can simplify these tables by dividing them into threes; that is, separate the first three sounds a little wider apart from the second three, and so relieving the eye, you can memorize the different sounds and forms by sets of threes—twelve sounds in all. The first six are heavy—the first three open on one side, and the next three open on the opposite side; the last six are light, and open in contrary ways, to be easily distinguished.

The next little out represents sounds that do not occur very often, especially the *woi*. Wi and woo are more frequent.

Now, in same manner as recommended in previous lesson, take the letter p as a starting point, write all the above vowels preceded by *W*, before each letter of the round Alphabet out, going round from left to right, both with the long and short sounds above. This will give you plenty of exercise. In many cases you may not be able to make words or sense, but persevere in the sounds.

In like manner, write the following words, several times. Repetition gives you confidence and speed:

Weep, warp, wait, wart, wit, wet, wot, watch, wag, weed, wade, wooed, wage, week, weak, wake, walk, woke, ween, wane, wan, weal, wail, wall, waif, woof, weave, wave, wore, wash, wish, wing, etc.

(To be continued.)

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HENRY HAVELOCK

THE cruel Sepoy insurrection in India in 1857 was the occasion of the sacrifice of many lives, but, perhaps, none which was more regretted than the illustrious soldier who forms the subject of this sketch. General Havelock has been often called "The Christian soldier," and he deserved the title. He was born at Durham, England, April 5th, 1795, and when he was eighteen years old began the study of law, but two years later he obtained a commission in the army, and in 1823 was sent to India, making then his first visit to the land where in future years he was destined not only to win a deathless fame but also to lose his life.

In the Burmese war of 1824 he distinguished himself, and at the conclusion of it was sent on a mission to the Court of Ava. Three years later he exhibited of the field as a military historian, and published "The History of the Ava Campaigns." In 1838 the English Government, recognising his ability both with the pen and the sword, promoted him to a captaincy, and he was appointed on the staff of Sir Willoughby Cotton, the commander-in-chief of the army for the invasion of Afghanistan.

He was present at the storming of Ghuznee and the occupation of Cabul. At the conclusion of this war he again took up the pen when he laid down the sword, and in 1840 was published his "Narrative of the War in Afghanistan in 1838-9. In the succeeding Mahratta and Sikh campaigns he distinguished himself, and in 1843 was appointed Persian interpreter to the commander-in-chief, General Ellphinstone, and breveted lieutenant-colonel.

Subsequently he was appointed deputy adjutant-general at Bombay, where he remained until 1849. Then, after twenty-five years of living and fighting under the tropical sun, he felt the need of a trip to turn to England for his health. But rest soon became irksome to the active soldier, and after two years of home he returned to Bombay, in 1851. His promotion now was comparatively rapid, he becoming successively brevet-colonel, quartermaster-general and adjutant-general. In 1856 he accompanied the expedition to Persia, and commanded the troops at the taking of Mohammerah. After peace was concluded he returned to Bombay, where he was when the Sepoy revolt took place. He immediately started for Calcutta, and thence was sent to Allahabad to take command of a column destined for the relief of Cawnpore, which was then besieged by Nana Sahib. He encountered and routed the rebels in Futtehpoor and the beginning of July, and on the 16th met the Nana before Cawnpore and defeated him.

Before the action at Futtehpoor began General Havelock thus addressed the 78th Regiment: "Highlanders, when we were going out to Mohammerah I promised you a field-day. I could not give it to you then, as the Persians ran away. But, Highlanders, we will have it here to-day. Let the enemy see what you are made of." After the battle he said: "Highlanders, I have been in twenty-seven fights, and I never saw a regiment behave better. I will say more, I never saw a regiment behave as well."

After the victory at Cawnpore, Havelock sailed for Lucknow, which was besieged by the rebels. After a series of battles, he reached that city on September 25th, and fought his way to the garrison, where they staid through the siege, until Sir Colin Campbell arrived, on November 17th, when the besieged were already destitute. A few days later the Residency was evacuated, the British withdrawing by night to the Delkoosha, where, on November 25th, Sir Henry Havelock died of dysentery.

Previous to his death the commander-in-chief had conferred on him the "good service pension" of £100 a year, and on the day after his death, but before that death was known, a baronetcy was given to him, the title to which, together with an annuity of £1,000 a year, descended to his son, Henry Marshman Havelock, who had been with his father in Persia, and during the campaign against the Sepoys, in which he was twice wounded. An annuity of £1,000 a year was also granted to his widow.

General Havelock combined the Christian gentleman with the brave soldier, and throughout his long military career was noted for his bravery and high character. His death was sincerely lamented by his own countrymen, and he was honored by the enlightened people of the Christian world. It is to such soldiers as Havelock that England to-day owes her military greatness.

Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands.

THE BRITISH IN SOUTH AFRICA.

NO. II.

CAPE COLONY.

IN the preceding number we gave an account of the Boers, or first European colonists in South Africa. We will now turn to Cape Colony, the first British possession in that part of the dark continent.

We do not propose to enter into any minute details of boundary or statistics. We simply desire to give the general features of the Colony. We already know how the British became possessed of the land, so need not refer to it again. The Colony resolves but very few emigrants—not more than a few hundreds a year. It has a coast-line of about 1,325 miles, broken by numerous bays, the principal of which are St. Helena, Saldanha and Table Bays, on the west coast; and False Bay, Mossel, Plettenberg, St. Francos and Algoa bays on the south coast. Notwithstanding this great extent of coast there are few harbors, Saldanha Bay being the best. In Table Bay, at Cape Town, ships lie safely from September to May, during the southwest monsoon; but from June to August, when the northwest winds set in, they are obliged to take refuge in Simon's Bay, on the opposite side of the peninsula of Cape of Good Hope. Simon's Bay is the station of the British Cape squadron, and is frequented by vessels to and from India. Algoa Bay, still further east, is exposed to the prevailing winds, but affords good anchorage.

Port Elizabeth, the principal port after Cape Town, is situated on this bay. The principal rivers are the Buffalo, Black Thorn, Elephant, Great Berg, Broad, Gaurity, Camtoos, Sunday, Great Fish, Keiskamma, Kei, Orange and Big Antelope. The Colony is apparently poor in minerals. There is considerable copper and a little lead, some of which contains a small per centage of silver.

The great want of the Colony is the lack of water; in many districts three successive years sometimes pass without a single shower. This peculiarity decides the general character of the vegetation. The flowers, though gorgeous in hue, lack fragrance. Many of the European grains and fruits are cultivated. Wheat flourishes fairly; the potato thrives, yielding two crops a year; tobacco does well in the proper soil; chicory, olives and apples deteriorate, but figs, apricots, almonds and oranges thrive. The vine was long since introduced into the district near the Cape of Good Hope, and Cape wine used once to pass for Madeira, but of late years it has lost its reputation for excellence. There appears, however, to be a considerable tract well adapted to the culture of the grape; still, the Colony is rather a grazing than an agricultural country, the agricultural products being just sufficient for home consumption. Swine are of little account; turkeys, geese, ducks and poultry are abundant. The native sheep are noted for their enormous tails, often weighing twenty pounds. The elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, lion, leopard, hyena, jackal, zebra, quagga, boar, wolf, baboon, monkey, raccoon and squirrel are indigenous. Eagles, vultures and other birds of prey are found. Along the skirts of the northern districts ostriches are to be often seen roaming in large flocks. Small birds are numerous, with beautiful plumage, but deficient in song. The great hunting region of South Africa, described by Gordon Cumming, Baldwin, Anderson and others, lies mainly north and east of the limits of Cape Colony.

The population is about three millions, including whites, Caffres, Hottentots and "colored." The colored population consists of Malays and Africanders—the offspring of a Dutch father and a colored mother. The Hottentots are the lowest in intellectual grade; those of them who have not been driven into the desert regions are employed as servants, shepherds or herdsmen. The Caffres are usually tall and robust, varying in color from the darkest negro to jet black. The Malays are usually Mohammedans; they are active and industrious, but passionate and revengeful. Of the whites many are British, or of direct British descent, but the great majority are Boers, of whom we have already spoken. The trade is mainly with Great Britain.

The imports consists of apparel, haberdashery, cotton goods, woolen goods, leather goods, beer and ale, iron, hardware, linen goods, books, etc. The exports consist of wool, hides and skins, ostrich feathers, copper ore, cotton, sugar, elephants' teeth, coffee, rice, aloes and wine.

The present form of government dates from 1853, but was somewhat modified by the Act of Parliament, 1865, incorporating British Caffraria with Cape Colony.

The Colony is governed by an Executive Counsel, at the head of which is the Governor.

The military force consists of about six thousand men, including a detachment of royal artillery, a party of royal engineers, and a regiment of mounted riflemen, termed the Cape Cavalry, the privates and non-commissioned officers of which are mainly Hottentots. The naval force is under the command of a rear-admiral, with authority over the east and west coasts of Africa, Mauritius and St. Helena.

The Colony is held to be important for Great Britain because it is the key to the Indian Ocean, and all forces despatched thence can be collected and forwarded to India, the Eastern Archipelago and Australia.

The settled part of the Colony is divided into the following districts, or counties: Albany, Albert, Alfred, Beaufort, British Caffraria, Cape, Clanwilliam, Colesberg, Cradock, George, Graaf Reynet, Malmsbury, Paar, Picketberg, Queenstown, Richmond, Riversdale, Somerset, Stellenbosch, Swellendam, Uitenhage, Victoria, Worcester. Besides these there are the unoccupied regions still bearing the names of Little Namaqua Land and Great Bushmen Land, bordering on the Orange River.

Cape Town is the capital of Cape Colony. It is situated on the shore of Table Bay and at the foot of Table Mountain, so called from the flatness of its summit. It is the seat of an Anglican bishop, who is the metropolitan of the dioceses of South Africa. The town is well built and well laid out. There is a fortress near it of considerable strength. Table Bay is capacious, but, as we have previously stated, the anchorage is uncertain.

Cape Town is a station for astronomical observations, and Sir John Herschel, the great astronomer, passed two years at this place for the purpose of studying the heavens of the southern hemisphere. The chief public buildings are the Government House, the Colonial Office, the Barracks, the Exchange, the Post Office, the Public Library, and many handsome churches. The streets are laid out at right angles. Most of the houses are built of brick, faced with stucco. There is a capacious public walk between the gardens of the Government House and the Botanical Garden.

(To be continued.)

A USEFUL DOG.

EVERY State does not have girls growing up with the country as in Wisconsin. It is told of one of them that she put on trowsers and started through the deep snow to walk six miles to a village for provisions, the family larder being empty. She soon became tired out, besides losing her way, and the cold was intense. A big Newfoundland dog which accompanied her was the means of saving her life. She scooped out a hollow in the snow, got down in it, and made the warm dog lie down on her, shifting him about so as to successively cover the coldest parts of her body. In that way she passed a whole night, and was not very severely frost-bitten. "With two or three more dogs," she said, "I would have got along very comfortably."

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Or,
How a Boy Became a Jack-of-all-Trades and Master, Too,
And
Wild Rose and Violet;
Or,
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THE ROUND TABLE.

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To be Read by all who Send Answers.

FOR A COMPLETE SET OF ANSWERS TO ALL THE ENIGMAS, ETC., IN THIS NUMBER.

For the best and earliest, due allowance being made for the distance of each competitor - $5.00
For the next best - - - - - - - 2.50
For the third in merit and promptness - - 1.00

N. B.—There is no prize offered for an answer to only one puzzle or riddle. The answers must be to ALL. Competitors in all parts of the country have an equal chance.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 544.

Mee-DIC(801)-ast. 2. Tom-a-toes. 3. Bar-row. 4. A river. 5. Overcoat.—OpSC, VeiO, ElbA, BenT. 6. Maple, April, Prism, Learn, Elms-a. 7. R, Net, Near-s, Readers, Treat, Art, A. 8. Astral, Strive, Trades, Riders, Averse, Lesson. 9. Hand-cuff. 10. Chart, Hart, Art, Rat, Tar.

WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 544.

1.—R. J. Butler, Westerly, R. I.

2.—Robert F. Rogers, 1538 I Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

3.—A. S. Heaney, 49 Sheriff Street, New York city.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

FULL often, with greatest enjoyment, I've read
My primal's fine novels, till ready for bed.
My final's "Hard Cash" is a splendid creation,
Crammed full of adventure, and love and sensation.

1. An evil grin, a wicked smile,
Which flickers round the mouth a while.
2. A valuable thing, no doubt,
Which I could not well do without.
3. A celebrated foreign city,
If you can't find it, more's the pity;
In Austria you'll find it still,
So make the way if you've the will.
4. You'll find this, if you care to look,
On the last page of any book;
At least, in head all 'tis seen.
5. A lovely flower is this, I ween.

2.—CHARADE.

For first please take a tree, a forest one 'twill be,
And now for next a fruit please ascertain;
The next thing to be done, you'll link thus into one
And 'neath your eyes a fruit will be again.

3.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant; behold; an implement; a mineral; a boy's name; an organ; a consonant.

4.—CHARADE.

I'm wholly something very nice,
My second's good to eat;
When in my first my whole is tossed,
The cook's performed a feat.

5.—SQUARE WORDS.

Writing material; higher; ends of the earth; an occurrence; stops.

6.—CHARADE.

A proposition backward read;
Then let the same itself succeed,
Though not like it reversed;
Then add that being prone to ill,
Yet oftimes acting nobly still,
A paradox as erst.
A warring empire thus you name,
Whose romance gained a world-wide fame.

7.—ENIGMA.

Every animal, man or beast, has me,
And they can, to say the least, see me,
For I'm never from your side,
Be it on a suit or hide,
But that I can be descried by thee.

8.—DECAPITATION.

A small kind of sword, of head bereft,
When a wharf, I think, you will have left;
Now, if you this wharf decapitate,
A support you'll have, I may here state.

9.—ENIGMA.

Come guess me quick, come guess me right;
I move along in the dead of night;
I manage to move, though I have no feet,
By glow-worms' light through clover sweet.
My castle or mansion I easily lift,
I bear it along, though not very swift.
The goat has horns, and so have I.
What I am find out, and send your reply.

10.—CHARADE.

He went for a trip with his beautiful bride;
At an hotel they stopped. "Waiter, bring first,"
he cried.
"No, no," said his lady; "the thought is absurd;
Please tell the young second to bring forth some
third,
And send up the wholes that we left down below,
That they may be near when we're ready to go."

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

AN old granger who came into town to purchase a piano for his daughter, asked the agent if he hadn't one with a handle in the end, "so we can all give it a turn once in a while."

THE New York *Times* says "The current notion that the American Indians were gradually disappearing is an error." Who entertained such a notion? The fact is, the American Indian is constantly and most unexpectedly appearing. It is the scalp of the white man that is gradually disappearing.

A COLLEGE professor encouraged his geology class to collect specimens, and one day they deposited a piece of brick, streaked and stained, with their collection, thinking to impose on the doctor. Taking up the specimens, the professor remarked: "This is a piece of baryta from the Cheshire mines." Holding up another: "This is a piece of feldspar, from the Portland quarries; and this," coming to the brick, "is a piece of impudence from some member of the class."

THE other night an old West Hiller got up and went to a certain closet to feel for a certain bottle, but in the darkness he got hold of a flask containing kerosene oil, and after taking a healthy old snorter of the same, went to bed. He didn't rest very well, spat a great deal, and finally said, they couldn't make the same whisky now they did forty years ago.

EASILY APPLIED.—A wag, wishing to bother a homeopathic physician, said: "Doctor, how would you apply your theory of 'like cures like' to a case of fatigue?" "Easily enough," replied the doctor. "When you're tired you always get rested by retiring, don't you?"

AN uninteresting period in boyhood—Waiting to be whipped.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR an Elixir of Life to the hair on the human face. Will force a heavy beard on a smooth face in 30 days. Will stop hair coming out in 24 hours. Will cure Dandruff in one week. Will make hair grow on bald heads. Will prevent hair turning grey. Will keep the hair moist. Will make hair curl. Will keep the hair in any position. Will keep the hair from falling off. Will make hair grow on the face. Will make hair grow on the head. Will make hair grow on the body. Will make hair grow on the legs. Will make hair grow on the arms. Will make hair grow on the hands. Will make hair grow on the feet. Will make hair grow on the toes. Will make hair grow on the fingers. Will make hair grow on the nails. Will make hair grow on the eyebrows. Will make hair grow on the eyelashes. Will make hair grow on the nose. Will make hair grow on the ears. Will make hair grow on the mouth. Will make hair grow on the chin. Will make hair grow on the cheeks. Will make hair grow on the forehead. Will make hair grow on the temples. Will make hair grow on the back of the head. Will make hair grow on the neck. Will make hair grow on the shoulders. Will make hair grow on the chest. Will make hair grow on the stomach. Will make hair grow on the back. Will make hair grow on the sides. Will make hair grow on the thighs. Will make hair grow on the knees. Will make hair grow on the shins. Will make hair grow on the calves. Will make hair grow on the ankles

A RACE FOR LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MESSAGE.

"MY dear fellow, I am delighted to see you," exclaimed my friend McCausland, as he met me at the door of his house.

I had gone on a visit to Holmesdale, a little town in the north of England.

McCausland was engineer to the water company there, and had invited me to go down for a week.

After the usual interval for dressing, we sat down to an excellent little dinner. Not unnaturally the conversation turned upon the weather.

"I am sorry this rain continues," said McCausland. "It spoils my water supply. People bully me as if I could help it."

"Are your reservoirs near the town?" I asked.

"No," he replied; "away in the hills. We can go over to-morrow, if you like. I'm due there."

The excursion was arranged. We agreed to start at eleven o'clock next morning, and we started punctually.

We pursued our way up the hill, and, crossing the brow, reached a small inn. Here we found a country gig awaiting us. Into this we clambered, and proceeded along a wooded by-road, stony and rutfull.

At length, when hope had almost given way to bad language, we pulled up at another small inn called the "Reservoir." We got out of the gig gladly.

An engineer foreman hurried up and accosted us politely.

"Is all right, Johnson?" inquired McCausland.

"Yes, all is right; but——"

"Well, but what?"

"I don't quite like the South Reservoir embankment," was the reply.

McCausland turned pale to his very lips.

"Come with me," he said, abruptly.

We hurried after him in silence, and with a strange dread upon us.

We soon came in sight of the extensive embankment, which confined the waters of the largest of the three reservoirs of the Holmesdale Company. A fresh breeze was blowing the water in small, though noisy, waves against the paved top of the bank. Here and there a tongue of liquid spat upon the stonework, and at one spot it trickled down into, and apparently came through, the grass.

"This is the spot I was looking at this morning," said Johnson.

"You had better have a few men to puddle up this," said McCausland, indicating a tiny crack that would have escaped less experienced eyes.

We then continued our inspection; but during our progress round the works the cloud-had massed themselves in wild grandeur above the hills, and lay heavily above the Apps Valley in front. The railroad crossed the valley on a graceful viaduct near Ammering Junction.

The dark, slaty clouds hung suspended over this district.

Long tendrils of the scud came forth from them like fingers; these clutched now a rock, then a solitary tree now swept up again and brought down a larger mass of cloud to place upon the ground—ever stealing onward and downward, leaving all in its stealthy track dank and foggy.

A low, moaning sound was in the air; it was not the wind, for the breeze had strangely lulled. The trees scarce moved, yet the water rolled up against the reservoir-banks as if agitated by an unseen wheel.

We all seemed conscious of the disturbance of the atmospheric conditions, and the leaves whispered strange confidences to the motionless boughs above our heads.

The men had all gone up to the reservoirs. McCausland and I sat chatting together.

"Do you think you could find your way back alone?" he asked, suddenly.

"Why?" said I; "do you intend to remain here? Is there any danger?"

"Well, scarcely that; but I think I ought to be on the spot. I will return to-morrow or next day."

"Cannot I stay, too?"

"Certainly, if you desire it. We rough it up here, though."

"I do not mind that," I replied.

So it was settled.

Fortunate it was that I did remain. As we were preparing to visit the sluices again, we were startled by a vivid flash of lightning, which had scarcely passed when the rocks rang out with a thousand thunder-echoes.

This was the signal. The windows of heaven opened, and a perfect deluge descended upon the devoted valley. The little brooks leaped up, and danced down the hillsides in white array. Tiny waterfalls swelled themselves into cataracts, and foamed down to the streams. The wind rose up from its sleep and forced great rolling waves across the coping of the reservoirs, and stones and grass became commingled.

Now the sluice-valves were all opened, and the long-imprisoned water gladly dashed from out its prison to meet the native river once again. The channel of the Holmesdale, once more filled with water, divided on the hill. But still the men worked hard amid the gathering gloom and thunder by lantern-light, and Nature rested not that liveiong night.

But I turned in and got some sleep in defiance of the elemental war without.

At five o'clock in the morning, as the gray light was struggling into life, McCausland came, fully dressed, into my room. I started up.

"Dress yourself as quickly as you can, and come down-stairs," he said. I began to ask questions. "Lose no time, there's a good fellow; I want your assistance."

He left the room.

I jumped up at once, hurried to the window, and looked out. Day was just breaking through the misty sky, and all the world was raining. The water was pissking from the eaves, and, mingling with the heavy drops, burst into a separate stream in every run and furrow. The wind beat the tall trees and roared amid the branches. Ever and anon a sharp snap denoted a bough torn from its place and whirled to the soaking earth.

I dressed quickly and joined McCausland in the little parlor. He was studying a private copy of the railroad time-tables, which, as an official, he always carried.

"Will you take the horse and ride down to Ammering Junction with a message?"

His collected manner assured me. Was this all? A ride through the rain was not much.

"Of course I will go."

He grasped my hand firmly.

"Are you nervous?" he said, as he held it in his own steady grasp.

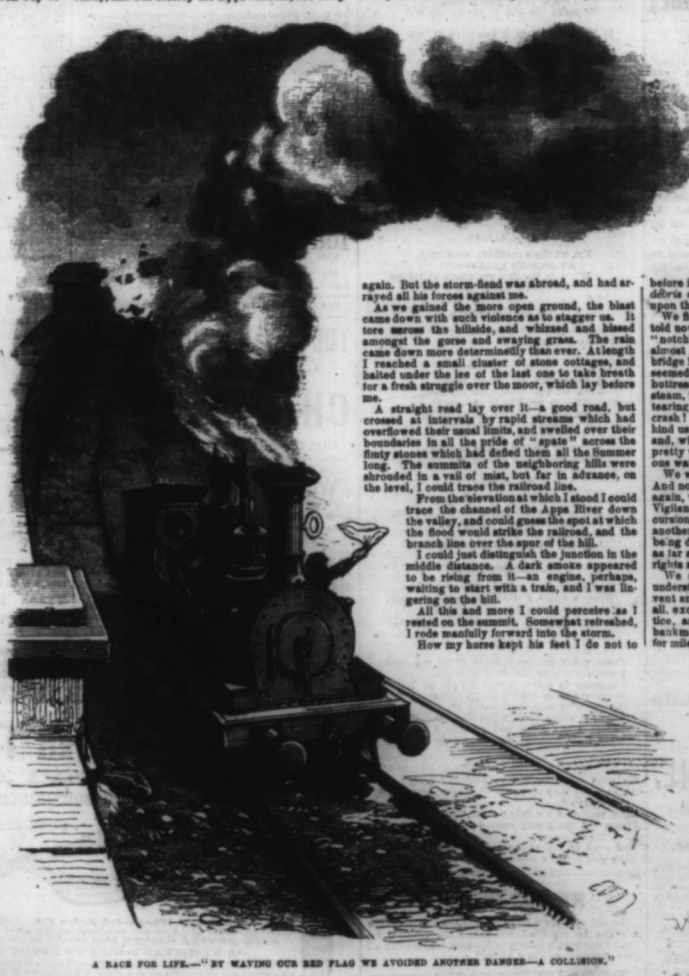
"Nonsense!" I replied, laughing; "I'll be ready in five minutes if it's important. Is the horse here?"

I ran up for my waterproofs. When I came down the horse was at the door, and McCausland inspecting him. I mounted.

"Now, I said, "for this great message, if you please."

McCausland's tone had something very solemn in it, as he replied:

"Tell the station-master at Ammering Junction, and any people you see, that the South Reservoir will not last three hours. It will burst down the valley, and will destroy the Apps Viaduct, and carry away the bridges on the Holmesdale branch. *Stop the traffic* and save the passengers. God bless you; and, hark ye, *ride for your life!* I will fire the signal-cannon as a warning. Good-by."



A RACE FOR LIFE.—"BY WAVING OUR RED FLAG WE AVOIDED ANOTHER DANGER—A COLLISION."

CHAPTER II.

A WILD RIDE.

MECHANICALLY I gathered up the reins, nodded to McCausland, for I was too stupefied to reply in words, and started upon my wild ride. Three hours hence and the water would be pouring down the valley through which my course lay. No wonder I had to ride for my life, and perhaps the lives of hundreds of my fellow-creatures depended upon mine.

Ammering Junction was some miles away. My route lay through an unknown country, across moorland intersected by flooded streams and swept by the fierce wind and rain.

I must do it, I thought, as my horse picked his cautious way amid the loose stones down the steep by-road we had ascended the previous day. I should need all my strength, though, to execute my task; so I pressed on. A valuable slice out of my time had been expended when I reached the broad highway and urged my horse to speed. I had to turn off again, I knew, but I fancied I should easily find the path. Besides, was there not a sign-post? Therefore, urged by dreadful tidings, and with the fierce wind and biting rain by turns and all together assailing me, I urged my horse onward. I reached the turning and pulled up to read the direction I should take. I nearly fainted with horror as I read. The fatal finger pointed up the cross-road I was pursuing: *To Holmesdale and Seaham.* The opposite index pointed—*To Ruddall and Ammering.* I could scarce credit my senses.

Surely, I was right.

We had come up the previous day, and up the hill to the Reservoirs. I had merely to *reverse the route* we had traveled. At that moment, if you will believe me, the true state of the case, and my own stupidity, flashed upon me. We had come from Holmesdale; I was now bound for Ammering, which lay at the opposite side.

This was a terrible mistake. It was now past six o'clock. One of the three precious hours had elapsed, and I was further from Ammering than when I started. I was seized with despair: what ever could I do now? Two hours remained, and I had three up-hill miles to ride, and then about seven more across the moor before I could reach the junction, and before that the trains might have started, and then——!

I burst out into a cold perspiration at the thought, and then desperate, and, only half-conscious, I rode madly back to the Ammering road, and up the hill again. But the storm-fiend was abroad, and had arrayed all his forces against me.

As we gained the more open ground, the blast came down with such violence as to stagger us. It tore across the hillside, and whizzed and hissed amongst the gorse and swaying grass. The rain came down more determinedly than ever. At length I reached a small cluster of stone cottages, and halted under the lee of the last one to take breath for a fresh struggle over the moor, which lay before me.

A straight road lay over it—a good road, but crossed at intervals by rapid streams which had overflowed their usual limits, and swelled over their boundaries in all the pride of "spate" across the flinty stones which had defied them all the Summer long. The summits of the neighboring hills were shrouded in a veil of mist, but far in advance, on the level, I could trace the railroad line.

From the elevation at which I stood I could trace the channel of the Apps River down the valley, and could guess the spot at which the flood would strike the railroad, and the branch line over the spur of the hill.

I could just distinguish the junction in the middle distance. A dark smoke appeared to be rising from it—an engine, perhaps, waiting to start with a train, and I was lingering on the hill.

All this and more I could perceive as I rested on the summit. Somewhat refreshed, I rode manfully forward into the storm.

How my horse kept his feet I do not to this hour understand. The wind, which had been high before, appeared to have gathered new force while we had halted, and it rushed across the track terrifically.

Pebbles were frequently blown across the road, and every pool had its waves, like a miniature sea. Some helpless crows were blown over my head, and a sinister-looking raven skimmed the moor close by, uttering a weird croak, which fell upon my ears like a knell, and chilled my blood.

I was quite alone, not a human being in sight; but suddenly the whistle of a locomotive was carried to my ears. An engine moved out of the station. Another whistle shortly afterward. That train was safe; I watched it glide away over the viaduct.

Five minutes later I rode into the station, and called for the station-master. As I dismounted the clock struck eight. The time was up, and no signal from McCausland.

Telegraphing would now be easy. A porter came out in response to my summons.

"I'm sorry ye lost the express," he began.

"I don't want the train," I replied; "I must telegraph at once, though. Where is the station-master?"

"He'll be here in a minute. But ye can't telegraph; the wire is blown down. We had to send a 'pilot' with the express to clear a line up to Handleigh."

"Not telegraph! I tell you, man, I must stop the traffic. The South Holmesdale Reservoir will burst this very hour!"

"Can that be true?" inquired a cool, gentlemanly man at my elbow. It was the station-master himself.

"True?" I echoed—"it is only too true. I have ridden to tell you. *We must stop the trains!*"

"The excursion leaves Handleigh at 8:5," mused the station-master. "There may be time; come with me!"

He crossed the line and entered a shed opposite. I followed. Just then a loud, booming sound rent the air. The sound, came back from the hills like thunder.

"It is the signal!" I exclaimed; "the water is out. Heaven help us now!"

The station-master called out. A cleaner appeared.

"Is that engine ready?"

"Yes, sir; waiting for the excursion."

"Run and open the points. Now, sir, get up."

I obeyed mechanically, and, before I quite realized the situation, we had crossed to the up-line. The station-master stopped to get a red flag and give a few instructions to his subordinate. I now perceived that we were to race the flood. Steam versus Water. Which would conquer?

A whistle—we started.

"The flood! the flood!" shouted the porter.

We turned one glance up the valley. A moving brown wall, capped with a snowy ridge, was tearing down to the devoted viaduct. No time to lose.

"Go ahead!" cried the station-master.

I turned on steam, put the lever over another "notch," and the race began in earnest.

We flew along the metals. A few minutes would decide it.

We must get to the viaduct and over it first, or the excursion, unwarned, would dash to destruction.

A depression in the ground ran beside the railroad for a short distance. We trusted to this to turn the velocity of the approaching water.

It was an exciting race, and one never to be forgotten.

On rolled the flood.

We were running "neck and neck" for one terrible half-minute. Now the resistless flood bore directly to the bridge. Stones were rolled before it like marbles. Trunks of trees, haystacks, *débris* of every description, came headlong down upon the doomed structure.

We fled like lightning over the rails. Our speed told now. Sparks flew from the chimney. Another "notch"—the best of the piston quickened to an almost inconceivable rapidity. We were on the bridge! Hurrah! The curling wave beneath seemed to spring forward. It broke against the buttresses. In a second we were across. I shut off steam, the station-master put down the breaks. A tearing, rending sound, that was not the breaks—a crash! We looked back. The line dropped behind us like a stage-trap. The bridge gave way, and, with a roar that was heard two miles off, the pretty viaduct was swept away by the boiling, furious water!

We were truly thankful for our narrow escape. And now to save the excursion. Speeding forward again, whistling like a demon, our good engine—Vigilant by name—soon came in sight of the excursion train. By waving our red flag we averted another danger—a collision. The telegraph-posts being down, trains had to run upon the same line as far as Handleigh, but our timely action set all to rights at last.

We soon gave the bewildered passengers to understand the narrow escape they had had. Fervent and sincere were the thanks we received from all, except one man. He was escaping from justice, and was captured. From the elevated embankment we could trace the course of the flood for miles. The train put back to Handleigh, whence the passengers were forwarded by another company.

By the time we had arranged matters and returned to the broken viaduct, the water had subsided.

The work of destruction was complete, but a "breakdown" gang was quickly on the spot.

A footway was constructed across the muddy river-bed, and trains stopped at both sides of the stream, the passengers exchanging from on to the other. The loss of cattle and farm produce caused by that terrible flood was very great.

Had the catastrophe occurred during the night, the loss of human life would have been appalling. As it was, some unfortunate people were drowned, but some had most marvelous escapes.

The aspect of the country as I retraced my steps was deplorable. I could scarcely recognize the places I had passed in the morning.

I found McCausland and his staff at the reservoir awaiting me.

He wrung my hand fervently, and said certain words that I shall not easily forget.

The viaduct was quickly rebuilt, but the station-master at Ammering does not forget the race of steam versus Water on the Vigilant locomotive.

Nor do I!

QUALIFICATIONS.

IN this game the player possessing the most inventive genius writes a story, leaving blank spaces before each noun and proper name which occur in it, and then appeals in turn to each of the company for an adjective until the whole of the spaces are filled up. The tale is then read aloud, and much amusement will probably be derived from the quaint and utterly inapplicable way in which the adjectives come in. For instance, the narrator writes: "The (metalliferous) Mr. Barkins, walking one (rectangular) day in company with the (calcareous) Bishop of Oxford, met the (straw-colored) Mrs. Barkins driving in an (empty-headed) barouche, with the (iron-plated) baby, the (kilted) nurse, and the (hypothecated) Queen of Honolulu, whereupon he hilariously went to the (desiccated) canal and precipitated his (multifarious) body into the (incongruous) water, which resulted in a most (felicitous) suicide and a (vicarious) verdict of *felo de se.*" The more far-fetched the adjectives, the better, since they add the more to the startling nature of the history told.